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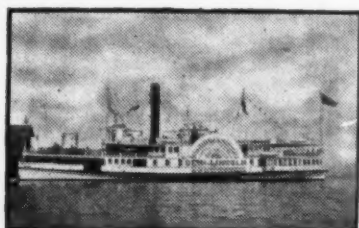
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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XLIV.

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FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXII.

CONTENTS

I.	The Cult of the Unfit. By E. B. Iwan-Müller.	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	579
II.	The Emperor of To-morrow. By André Mèvil.	NATIONAL REVIEW	591
III.	Hardy-on-the-Hill. Book II. Chapter VII. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (To be continued.)	TIMES	597
IV.	On the Labrador. By H. Hesketh Prichard.	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	602
V.	The Road and the Power-Vehicle. By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. 4. Macdonald, K.C.B.	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	613
VI.	The Green Door. By Marguerite Curtis.	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	620
VII.	Edinburgh in the Time of Sir Walter Scott.	ACADEMY	629
VIII.	The Malady of Armaments.	NATION	634
IX.	The Union of South Africa.	ECONOMIST	637

A PAGE OF VERSE

X.	Outland Born. By Ella McFadyen.	SPECTATOR	578
XI.	The Broken Covenant. By Alfred Douglas.		578
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		638



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OUTLAND BORN.

So you have been to London Town,
And what saw you the while?
"A maze of winding city ways
And houses mile by mile,
Which throbs the pulse of half the
world
In that gray Northern Isle."

Nay, heard ye not nor saw ye nought?
And is there nothing new?
Are London streets still paved with
gold?
Is that old story true?
Oh you have heard the Bow Bells ring,
And what said they to you?

Nay, make not of my ignorance
A traveller's sorry jest;
Did ye not see the "Golden Hind"
On Thames' broad mother breast?
Did ye not mark her white sail stir
With longing for the West!

Nay, what's the price of England's
pride?
And what the news from Spain?
Had ye no glimpse in fair Whitehall
Of Nell o' Drury Lane?
Are there no ghosts in London Town
To wake the past again?

Have ye not ridden knee to knee
With Brummell in the Row?
What jests at Watier's, and what
toasts?
What names tossed to and fro?
Have ye no news from London Town
For one who thirsts to know?

Saw ye no glimpse thro' darkened
streets
Of Nellie's childish grace?
Nor at your elbow turned to find
Quill's sharp, malignant face?
Nor, dark to dawn, with Headstone
fared
In his ghoul-ridden race?

Hath London not one eerie hour
Before the day is born,
When twinkling-footed revelries
Affront the pallid morn,
When ghostly beauties flit and fade
By ghostly chairmen borne?

Does London stretch no kindred hand?
Hath she no voice for you?
No message to you, blood and bone,
Of that wherefrom we grew?—
Oh saw ye not the Guards go out
That fought at Waterloo?

Can ye not hear the hollow hoof,
Not mark the nodding crest?—
Oh London Town! Oh London Town!
Your very stones attest—
And through the dawn those solemn
ghosts
Ride slowly, four abreast!

I see the dancing harbor lights,
I breathe the garden smells,
But fairy faint I seem to hear
The chime of Abbey bells,
And faintly far, but visioned clear,
The dome o'er London swells.

Oh you are back from London Town,
Where I may never go,
And all these things were yours to
see—

And I shall never know! . . .
Through ranks of flaming coral trees
The sea-wind singeth low.

Ella McFadyen.

The Spectator.

THE BROKEN COVENANT.

Cast out my soul the broken covenant.
Forget the pitiable masquerade,
And that ignoble part ignobly played.
Let us take shame that such a mum-
mer's rant

Of noble things, could pierce the ada-
mant

Of Pride wherewith we ever were ar-
rayed,

And being with a kiss once more be-
trayed,

Let not our tears honor that sycophant.

Let him, on graves of buried loyalty,
Rise as he may to his desired goal;
Ay and God speed him there; I grudge
him not.

And when all men shall sing his praise
to me

I'll not gainsay. But I shall know his
soul

Lies in the bosom of Iscariot.

Alfred Douglas.

THE CULT OF THE UNFIT.

We are celebrating this year the centenary of Darwin's birth and the jubilee of the publication of the *Origin of Species*. It is well that we should recognize these dated days, though the complacency with which we assume credit for "our Mr. Darwin" or "our Mr. Shakespeare," salutary enough in itself, is not without a touch of humor. We are all Darwinians to-day, and we have travelled far from the time when the disciple of Darwin, who was also the heir of Goethe and Lamarck, was classed with the fool who said in his heart "there is no God." Men remember—not without amusement—Disraeli's diatribe before the Oxford Diocesan Society some five years after the appearance of Darwin's famous work. "I hold," he said, "that the highest function of science is the interpretation of Nature, the interpretation of the highest nature is the highest science. What is the highest nature? Man is the highest nature. But I must say that when I compare the interpretations of the highest nature of the most advanced, the most fashionable, of modern schools of modern science—when I compare that with older teachings with which we are familiar—I am not prepared to say that the lecture-room is more scientific than the Church. What is the question which is now placed before society with a glib assurance which to me is most astounding? That question is this: is a man an ape or an angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence these new-fangled theories. I believe they are foreign to the conscience of humanity, and I say more—that even from the most intellectual point of view, I believe the severest metaphysical analysis is opposed to such conclusions." Those

who smile over the remembrance of the invective of a party politician addressed to an ecclesiastical audience forget that thirteen years later the influence of one of the most distinguished scientists that Germany has produced, Rudolf Virchow, not only combated with relentless animosity the theories of Darwin, but attempted, and, in the case of the two chief German States, succeeded in excluding the dangerous doctrine of evolution from the schools and in forbidding the teaching of Darwinian ideas. But, as I have said, we are all Darwinians to-day, and Bishops in lawn sleeves expound the doctrines of evolution which fifty years ago conjured up before the affrighted mind of Disraeli terrible pictures of "young ladies lisping atheism in gilded saloons." But while most fairly educated people accept the Darwinian theory or hypothesis in its main outlines, it is very doubtful if the practical lessons involved in acceptance of the theory of evolution are more clearly understood to-day than they were in the time of Disraeli and Virchow. Among the many grave problems that confront this generation, none is more perplexing and more universally debated than that of poverty and unemployment with all their attendant difficulty. Yet very few even attempt to understand the nature of the problem, as it reveals itself in the light of the doctrines of evolution. The late Henry George, of whose name and principles the present Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to be the residuary legatee, stated what he imagined to be the problem in a once popular work entitled *Progress and Poverty*. It is quite possible that Mr. Henry George had never read a word of Darwin, and, in any case, his book, which gave an enormous fillip to So-

cialism, was written as if the doctrine of evolution had never been mooted. Mr. Henry George contemplated the world and saw, or imagined he saw, that only in the great and crowded centres of life did the problem of poverty in its most appalling form present itself. In the backwoods and in unappropriated territory there might be a terrible struggle, but there was no poverty. Having satisfied himself that this was an exhaustive record of social phenomena, he proceeded to ask himself what factor present in the one case and absent in the other accounts for the prevalence of poverty in the crowded city and its comparative rarity in the backwoods. The answer revealed itself to him in the magic monosyllable "rent." Private ownership of land was responsible for all the social evils to which mankind is heir, and by nullifying private ownership by taxing rent out of existence, the great problem of modern humanity would be solved. It is strange that a doctrine which misstated all the principal phenomena it attempted to explain, and which begged all the questions it was supposed to answer, should have commanded, even for a moment, the wide influence it enjoyed in its day, and which in an attenuated form it still exercises. To invest its phantasy with an artificial plausibility, the author of *Progress and Poverty* was constrained to assume the equality of mankind, to ignore the existence of the struggle for life, and to strip capital of all the functions attributed to it by every school of economy. So simple and so devoid of history did he consider the human problem, that he thought by transporting a handful of the heirs of all the ages to a desert island, hitherto undisturbed by the presence of man, he could reconstitute society on its primitive and innocent basis and in an Eden unpolluted by the serpent "rent," could find a *Civitas*

Dei which would represent the supreme and final achievement of triumphant democracy. It is not strange that a man of imagination should have devoted himself to such a task, for Mr. George only walked in a well-trodden path, but what is astounding is that a generation which professed to have accepted the main principles of the doctrine of evolution should have treated Mr. George's fancies as a serious scientific contribution to a stiff work-a-day problem. Very different from this is the real problem, as revealed to us in the light of the theory of evolution. That doctrine teaches us that change in all cosmic phenomena, organic and inorganic alike, is from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the relatively simple to the absolutely complex or, to put it in everyday phraseology, from equality to inequality. Oken, the German naturalist, allegorically and picturesquely enunciated the problem thus: "Chaos was represented by = ; the creative act consisted in the introduction of + and—."

It would be interesting to know whether the seeds of Darwin's famous theory were already germinating in his mind when he started, at the age of twenty-three, on his memorable voyage in the *Beagle*, or whether the human phenomena he observed during his travels suggested the theory. There is to be found in his log-book, written up in the course of his travels, a passage which has a striking bearing upon a feature of the doctrines of evolution, that he never subsequently developed—I mean, the social and political feature. He was describing the character of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego visited by the *Beagle* in 1834. His belief that the Fuegians represented the most backward stages of humanity was perhaps inaccurate, but the existence of a still less developed type does not militate against the

importance of his observations. "The perfect equality among the individuals composing the Fuegian tribes must for a long time retard their civilization. As we see those animals whose instinct compels them to live in society and obey a chief are most capable of improvement, so it is with the races of mankind. Whether we look at it as a cause or a consequence, the more civilized always have the most artificial government. For instance, the inhabitants of Otahelto, who, when first discovered, were governed by hereditary kings, had arrived at a far higher grade than another branch of the same people, the New Zealanders, who, although benefited by being compelled to turn their attention to agriculture, were Republicans in the most absolute sense. In Tierra del Fuego, until some chief shall arise with power sufficient to secure any acquired advantage, such as the domesticated animals, it seems scarcely possible that the political state of the country can be improved. At present even a piece of cloth given to one is torn into shreds and distributed, and no one individual becomes richer than another. On the other hand it is difficult to understand how a chief can arise till there is property of some sort by which he might manifest his superiority and increase his power." This *obiter dictum* of a man of rare powers of observation, seeking knowledge as a naturalist, and not as a politician or a philosopher, is worth all the carefully-selected examples of interested theorists anxious to find facts to square with their creed. Darwin recorded the phenomenon, commented on it and passed it by, never, so far as I know, to refer to it again. Yet it would be difficult to find a more illuminating confirmation of the doctrine of political and social evolution, or one more fatal to the gratuitous assumptions of Mr. Henry George and his school.

The two fundamental laws which govern—using the word conventionally—the organic world are those of heredity and adaptation, to which correspond two primordial instincts, philo-progenitiveness and self-preservation. In the physical world their equivalent is the centrifugal and centripetal forces. The resultant of the co-operation and antagonism of these laws is the process which we know as evolution. Heredity may be called the Tory and adaptation the Radical principles of Nature and it may be observed in passing that the simpler and more immature the condition of organisms the more easy and rapid is the process of evolution, and, on the other hand, the more complicated and developed the stage reached the slower and more difficult is the process of adaptation. What we mean by environment is the aggregate of all the phenomena of every description affecting, but external to the organism itself. Adaptation to the environment would imply the possibility of ultimate perfection if the environment were constant. But as the environment itself is always changing, and is modified by the very process of adaptation, the prospect of perfection—that is, of complete adaptation—can be only described by the figure of an asymptote, a line that continually approaches nearer and nearer to some curve, but only meets it in infinity. Of the two forces heredity may be said to be the more powerful in this respect, that any arrest in the process of adaptation is followed by a reaction, or what is known as recurrence to type.¹ What follows, then, is the phenomenon known as the struggle for life or the survival of the fittest. The struggle is between the organism and its environment, including in the latter all external elements antagonistic to the existence of the or-

¹ On this point, however, see Huxley's "Darwiniana." Vol. II. of "Collected Essays," pp. 425 and seq.

ganism, amongst them not only alien enemies, but the rivalry of cognate species. Under purely natural conditions that is, conditions not artificially modified by man, the consequence or penalty of failure is extinction either of the species or of the individual. The prize of successful adaptation is survival, and to use a sporting phrase, the reduction of the handicap in the next contest. If, then, the great problems involved in fitness and unfitness could be left, as it is popularly said, to Nature they would settle themselves. Such organisms as could no longer adapt themselves to their environment would disappear, as the wolf and the bear have disappeared from England, as the buffalo is rapidly vanishing from the prairies, and as the fox would be extinct at home if it did not suit the interests or caprices of sportsmen to preserve him. The unfit would go, just as, in spite of Mr. Henry George, the weakling and the incapable perishes in the backwoods and starves in the shadows of the great cities. And by unfit it must always be understood that inability to cope with the special environment of the moment is meant. "Dirt" said the great Lord Derby, "is matter out of place." In like manner, poverty is or may be skill and labor out of place. An Aristotle or a Newton, an Æschylus or a Shakespeare would pay the penalty of unfitness if isolated in the backwoods, where the sturdy man of muscle would triumph, just as the latter must hopelessly fail if he had to make a livelihood by his brains in the atmosphere of a great intellectual centre. Man is not exempt from the operation of the laws which govern organic life, but to man alone it is given so to modify his environment as to alter for good or evil the operation of these natural laws. And, indeed, in the early stages of the history of man the heir of all the ages differed from

his humbler animal brethren only in degree of powerlessness to triumph over the laws of his environment. To many it will come as an appalling shock to learn that disease, physical unfitness in its most aggravated form, is, so far as it is not a simple instrument of destruction but a perpetuation of weakness and inferiority, mainly the result of man's interference with the operations of natural laws. This truth, for it is now hardly disputed, has nowhere been more forcibly insisted upon than in the remarkable Romanes Lecture delivered at Oxford in 1905 by Sir E. Ray Lankester, which has since been republished under the title of *Nature's Insurgent Son*. "In the extra-human system of Nature," he says,² "there is no disease, and there is no conjunction of incompatible forms of life such as man has brought about on the surface of the globe. In extra-human Nature the selection of the fittest necessarily eliminates those diseased or liable to disease. Disease, both of parasitic and congenital origin, occurs as a minor phenomenon. The congenitally diseased are destroyed before they can reproduce; the attacks of parasites great and small either serve only to carry off the congenitally weak, and thus strengthen the race, or become harmless by the survival of those individuals which, owing to peculiar qualities in their tissues, can tolerate such attacks without injury, resulting in the establishment of immune races. It is a remarkable thing—which possibly may be less generally true than our present knowledge seems to suggest—that the adjustment of organisms to their surroundings is so severely complete in Nature apart from man, that diseases are unknown as constant and normal phenomena under those conditions. It is no doubt difficult to investigate this matter,

² "The Kingdom of Man," p. 32.

since the presence of man as an observer itself implies human intervention. But it seems to be a legitimate view that every disease to which animals (and probably plants also) are liable, excepting as a transient and very exceptional occurrence, is due to man's interference. The diseases of cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses are not known except in domesticated herds, and those wild creatures to which man's domesticated productions have communicated them. The trypanosome lives in the blood of wild game and of rats without producing mischief. The hosts have become tolerant of the parasites. It is only when man brings his unselected, humanly-nurtured races of cattle and horses into contact with the parasite that it is found to have deadly properties. The various cattle diseases which in Africa have done so much harm to native cattle, and have in some regions exterminated big game, have *per contra* been introduced by man through his importation of diseased animals of his own breeding from Europe." Sir E. Ray Lankester adds in a footnote "a similar kind of difficulty, of which many might be cited, is brought about by man's importations and exportations of useful plants. He thus brought the phylloxera to Europe, not realizing beforehand that this little parasitic bug, though harmless to the American vine, which puts out new shoots on its roots when the insect injures the old ones, is absolutely deadly to the European vine, which has not acquired the simple but all-important mode of growth by which the American vine is rendered safe. Thus, too, he took the coffee plant to Ceylon, and found his plantation suddenly devastated by a minute mould (the *Himalaya vastatrix*), which had lived very innocently before that in the Cingalese forest, but was ready to burst into rapacious and destructive activity when

the new unadjusted coffee trees were imported by man and presented in carefully-crowded plantations to its unrestrained infection." I might cite as instances on the other side the too-successful introduction of the rabbit into Australia and of the English sparrow into the United States.

Nature, however, has her compensations. Beside the nettle grows the dock. If man in the progress of his ascent has evolved for himself and for the poor relations enlisted in his service, many forms of disease, he has also evolved doctors and veterinary surgeons. He does not, however, employ these two classes in the same way. A veterinary surgeon who would allow the humblest animal committed to his charge to drag out an agonized existence, tormented by anguish, to an inevitable end would be liable to punishment for cruelty to animals. The doctor who would terminate torture by precipitating an equally inevitable end would be indicted for manslaughter. In the breeding of his horses and dogs, of his flocks and herds, man improves upon Nature and carries the principle of the extirpation of the unfit to its extreme conclusion. When, however, the future of his own race is in question man ignores the teaching of Nature and leaves the fitness of future generations to Providence or to chance. As with the physical body, so with the body politic. In the one case, as in the other, it is our habit to talk of our "constitution." In the interest of the physical body subject to diseases of his own handiwork man has evolved doctors. For the maladies of the body politic, also to a large extent the result of his own actions, man has evolved politicians. The development of the doctor and of the politician is subject to the same conditions. But there is a marked difference in the rate of progress. Both pass, or should

pass, through the different stages of empiricism, metaphysics, and science. The primitive herbalist was aware that the bark of the cinchona, of whose properties he knew nothing, would cure diseases, of the causes and nature of which he knew as little, though experience taught him that suffering and death would result if the malady were unchecked. He was followed by what may be called the metaphysician, who, imagining causes which were non-existent and attributing to the bark of the cinchona properties which it did not possess, worked out a conclusion which experience had taught him to be true from premises, which for all he had learned from experience might be, and generally were, quite false. Last of all comes the scientific analyst, who, by patient observation and research, discovers that the disease known as malaria is due to the presence in the blood of an infinitesimal organism generically described as a microbe. He finds, further, that for reasons in which he is not immediately interested, the microbe will not live in a solution of quinine too weak to affect the blood injuriously. The microbe dies, the malaria vanishes, and the problem is solved. With the doctors of the body politic the case is different. We are emerging from the purely empirical stage and are just entering the metaphysical, the land of the mirage, the home of the ideologue. The political empiric applied his remedies after the fashion of the primitive herbalist. He administered to his patient what experience had taught him "would do him good." Sometimes, of course, the potion did not do good, and the patient died. That was a new experience and conveyed a warning which repetition confirmed. In his track came the ideologue, with his unproved, untried, and often imaginary scheme of causes and effects, re-

lated in his mind by a nexus which no amount of experience would ever break. Talleyrand tells us that during the Consulate he was astonished to see some of the most violent of the Jacobins leaving the study of Napoleon. Napoleon said, "Ah, you do not know the Jacobin. There are two classes of them—les sucrés et les salés. The one you just saw come out was a salé; with these I do what I wish: no one better fit to defend all the daring acts of a new Power. Sometimes it is necessary to stop them, but with a little management it is soon done; but the sucrés Jacobins—they are ungovernable. With their metaphysics they would ruin any government." To-day is the day of the sucré Jacobin. He is particularly interested in the problem of poverty and the inequality of wealth. His fellow, the salé Jacobin, would solve the problem of inequality by rushing at his neighbor with a bludgeon in his hand and shouting, "Sois, mon frère, ou je te tue," and he would settle the unequal distribution of wealth on the same simple and effective principle. The other, however, being cursed with a political conscience, seeks to justify the same ends by metaphysical reasons. The mental process is not very recondite. The problem which presents itself may be stated thus: Poverty and its attendant miseries are due to the struggle for life. If there were no struggle there would be no resultant evil. Inequality in like manner is due to competition, a phase incident to the struggle: if there were no competition there would be no inferiority. The conclusions are obvious. I once heard, many years ago, with my own ears the problem thus nakedly propounded by a fluent demagogue addressing a meeting of badly-paid agricultural laborers. "We are told," he said, "that wages are regulated by the laws of supply and de-

mand. Let us abolish these unjust laws of supply and demand." This reads, no doubt, like a burlesque; but is it? What is the whole principle which underlies modern Trades Unionism, as distinguished from the old Associations formed to redress the advantages which Capital gave, or was supposed to give, to the employer in dealing with his workmen? The effect is no longer to secure a balance of power so as to make it as disadvantageous to the employer to be oppressive as to the employed to be rapacious. The new Trades Unionism consciously or unconsciously aims at the establishment and endowment of mediocrity by the elimination of competition. To demand, for instance, the legislative restriction of the hours devoted to labor is to deny to the individual of superior physical or mental endowment the opportunity of profiting by that superiority. The infinitely complex system by which it is sought so to control the sub-division of labor that the reward of labor shall be proportionate, not to the skill or industry of the individual, but to the joint amount earned divided by the number employed, is merely a device to equalize artificially that which is naturally unequal. It is not difficult to see what must result from an attempt to ascertain a mean when the maximum cannot be exceeded, and the minimum is left to develop as it will. The inevitable consequence must be that the mean will be perpetually lowered. With the extinction of competition—were that possible—the spirit of competition must perish too. But the spirit of competition, if there be any truth in evolution at all, is the source of all that development which we so proudly call progress. What if a man were to contemplate his watch, and to qualify his admiration for its marvellous ingenuity by saying, "It would be perfect but for the bore of

winding it up every night; why do I have to wind it up? Obviously, because of the exhaustion of the mainspring. If, therefore, I remove the mainspring I shall enjoy all the advantages of the timekeeper without the nuisance of having to wind it up." The struggle for life, with all its attendant consequences of inequality and poverty, is the mainspring of civilization. There is no substitute for it, and if it be destroyed, the clock stops. Struggle is not only the cause, but it is the condition of progress. Why, in the history of mankind, have the inhabitants of those favored districts of the earth, where you have only to tickle the soil with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest, been always dispossessed by the hardier inhabitants of less fertile soil? The facile answer is covetousness. Yes, covetousness will supply the appetite, but it will not furnish the means of gratifying the appetite, nor is the phenomenon to be explained by the doctrine of original sin or original weakness. The whole history of Spain is a proof that the hardest of races deteriorate when the stimulus to struggle is diminished by the slackening of resistance. The Italian colonists of Rome went down before the Visigoths. The Visigoths, hardy barbarians, went out of training and could offer no resistance to the Arabs. The Arabs themselves succumbed to their hardier co-religionists across the Straits and so on and so on. What is true of a particular area of the earth is true of the history of man. Let me refer again to Sir E. Ray Lankester. "Nature's inexorable discipline of death," he says (*The Kingdom of Man*), "to those who do not rise to a standard—survival and parentage for those alone who do—has been from the earliest times more and more definitely resisted by the will of man. If we may for the purpose of analysis, as it were, extract man from the rest

of Nature, of which he is truly a product and a part, then we may say that man is Nature's rebel. Where Nature says 'die' man says 'I will live.' According to the law previously in universal operation, man should have been limited in geographical area, killed by extremes of cold or heat, subject to starvation if one kind of diet were unobtainable, and should have been unable to increase and multiply, just as are his animal relatives, without losing his specific structure and acquiring new physical characters, according to the requirements of the new conditions into which he strayed—should have perished, except on the condition of becoming a new morphological 'species.' But man's wits and his will have enabled him to cross rivers and oceans by rafts and boats, to clothe himself against cold, to shelter himself from heat and rain, to prepare an endless variety of food by fire, and to increase and multiply as no other animal can without change of form, without submitting to the terrible acts of selection wielded by ruthless Nature over all other living things on this globe. And as he has more and more obtained this control over his surroundings he has expanded that unconscious protective attitude towards his immature offspring which natural selection had already favored and established in the animal race, into a conscious and larger love for his tribe, his race, his nationality, and his kind. He has developed speech, the power of communicating, and above all, of recording and handing on from generation to generation his thought and knowledge. He has formed communities, built cities, and set up empires. At every step of his progress man has receded further and further from the ancient rule exercised by Nature. He has advanced so far, and become so unfitted to the earlier rule, that to suppose that man can 'return

to Nature' is as unreasonable as to suppose that an adult animal can return to its mother's womb." All this tale of achievement is the result of struggle. It is indeed the history of persistent and unremitting conflict. But for this constant competition man would never have emerged "from Nature," and if the struggle be abandoned, man will return not "to Nature" but to death—Nature's penalty for defiance of her laws. If I selected the spirit of new Trades Unionism for my illustration, it is because the new Trades Unionism represents Socialism in operation, and Socialism is the product of the *sucré* Jacobinism, the metaphysics of politics, which elaborates its system in defiance of the natural laws revealed by the patient industry of scientific observation. It recognizes, no doubt, the fact that life is a struggle, but it fails to appreciate the greater truth that all the blessings of life are the direct outcome of that struggle and are out of all proportion to the evils inseparable from the good. Over the goal of the Socialists' aspirations are written the words invisible to them or unappreciated by them, *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*.

There are two methods, both artificial and both effective, by which the advantages derived from this struggle may be checked or even extinguished. They may be applied to the top and the bottom of the struggling mass of humanity. On the one hand, the prizes of success may be artificially reduced until, in the opinion of those who would otherwise be the competitors, they are not worth gaining. And it must be remembered that the value of the prize is what it seems to the competitor to be, and not what a philosopher may deem it ought to be. A fortune, the blue ribbon of the turf, a cup, a peerage, any or all of these rewards for success may seem futile and worthless to the doctrinaire, but

It is quite certain that if these prizes were withheld the number of competitors for the respective races of which such are the prizes would be very materially reduced. The late Professor Bonamy Price was fond of saying that the best answer he had ever received from a pupil was the reply of a school-girl to the somewhat alarming question: "What is the first cause of civilization?" The answer was, "Progressive desires." And it is true that if the gratification of desire is denied the desire itself will fade, and with it every stimulus to the gratification of that desire. On the other hand, and at the bottom of the scale, the struggle for bare existence may be arrested by the artificial supply of the necessities of life and with the starvation of the primary instincts will disappear many, if not all, of the virtues developed by the free operation of these instincts. In the story of life we have a curious illustration of this truth amongst the amphibia. There is a low order of these creatures known as the *sozobranchia* (Gilled amphibia), which retain their gills throughout life like the fishes. In the second order of the salamanders the gills are lost in the metamorphosis, and when fully grown they have only pulmonary respiration. Some of the tailed amphibia still retain the gill cleft in the sides of the neck, though they have lost the gills themselves. If we force the larvæ of our salamanders and tritons to remain in the water and prevent them from reaching the land, we can in favorable circumstances make them retain their gills. In this fish-like condition they reach maturity, and remain throughout life at the lower stage of the gilled amphibia. We have the reverse of this experiment in a Mexican gilled salamander, the fish-like axolotl. It was formerly regarded as a permanent gilled amphibian, persisting throughout life at the fish stage. But

some of the hundreds of these animals that are kept in the botanical garden at Paris got on to the land for some reason or other, lost their gills and changed into a form closely resembling the salamander.³ In like manner, as has been already pointed out, in districts of the earth's surface where Nature, like a benign Radical Government provides the elementary necessities of life without exertion on the part of the recipients, men lose their competitive instinct, and with it the vigor which spells progress. It is in these two respects that the tendency of modern Socialism runs counter to the direct teaching of science. Nothing has contributed so largely to the formation of British national character as love of independence and hatred of all that is summarized in the term "parish relief." Out of these feelings have grown the virtues of providence and self-denial. The heroism displayed in the struggle to avoid the workhouse as the asylum of old age has been as invaluable to the State as it has been to the formation of individual character. The tendency today is artificially to remove all incentives to the attainment of this virtue by assuring a modest prize to all who enter for the race, whether they take a place in the competition or not. What happened to the once sturdy sons of Rome after they had been taught the fatal lesson that *panis et circenses* could be had for the asking, without money or without work, and therefore without exertion or self-denial, will happen to all countries which undertake to provide for the individual what the individual is able to provide for himself. At the other end of the scale the constant reduction of the value of the prizes by means of graduated taxation must inevitably tend to diminish and ultimately to extinguish the number of

³ Haeckel. "The Evolution of Man." Cheap Edition, pp. 342-343

competitors. To sentimentalists who will not give themselves the trouble of thinking, nothing seems more just or more generous than the principle dressed up in the attractive euphemism "of placing the burdens upon the shoulders best able to bear them." That is the motto, not of the statesman, but of the gentlemanly highwayman. It is the boast of your "Star-lights" that they never robbed any but the rich, and that often they have replenished the slender purse of the indigent with the spoils ravished from the bloated portemonnaie of the opulent. Philanthropy is not a Department of State. Politics are business; statesmen, and especially Chancellors of the Exchequer, are not the almoners of the public charity, but the trustees of the national wealth. They have no more right to use the money entrusted to them for public purposes in order to redress the so-called inequalities of Nature than have trustees under a will or a marriage settlement. The principle of regarding the State, meaning thereby the Government and the Parliament of the day, as merely a business concern requires, of course, some qualification. Nobody denies that it is the duty of the State to make provision for life's actual failures, just as it is the business of the organizers of armies to provide not only for those who actually succumb upon the stricken field—for such provision is part of the terms of their contract—but also for the sick and for those that fall out by the way. But just as the Commander-in-Chief would be mad who subordinated his whole plan of campaign to the requirements of the Army Medical Corps, so is a Government unworthy of trust which bases its fiscal policy wholly or mainly upon considerations of the wants and requirements of the least fit section of the community. Yet upon a thousand platforms orators declaim as if the

whole policy of a great Empire ought to be determined solely by the duty of administering to the wants of its less fit, and, therefore, of its less efficient members.

It must, moreover, be remembered that what may be called the Poor Relief Department of State was called into existence in this country by the sudden dissolution of the monasteries, which imposed upon the State as a whole the duties voluntarily assumed by the charitable through the agency of religious institutions. As it is, the instinct of individual charity inculcated by the Christian faith has never disappeared. London alone, apart from accumulated bequests, contributes annually the equivalent of a twopenny Income-tax to charitable purposes. If the State arrogates to itself the functions of grand almoner extorting contributions by statute, the stream of individual charity will dry up to the disadvantage alike of those who give and those who receive. Modern Radicalism is identifying itself more closely every day with Socialism, and the object of Socialism is *ex vi termini* to destroy individualism. Individualism, however, cannot be destroyed without eliminating individual character. It may, of course, be asked what reason is there for believing that Collectivism is not the goal to which society should ultimately aspire. The answer is that the motto of Nature, to use the symbolism from which one cannot escape, is *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Return to stages from which an organism has emerged means degradation or, in other words, a step towards ultimate destruction. In the lower forms of life we find instances of degeneration; but it must be remembered that degeneration is what it implies. Darwin in his celebrated voyage observed the free swimming larvæ of the ascidia. These larvæ resemble tadpoles in outward appear-

ance and use their tails as oars, as the tadpoles do. This lively and highly-developed condition does not last long. At first there is a progressive development; the foremost part of the medullary tube enlarges into a brain, and inside this two single-sense organs are developed—a dorsal auditory vesicle and a ventral eye. Then a heart is formed, &c. But as Haeckel informs us, "with the formation of these organs the progressive development of the ascidia comes to an end, and degeneration sets in. The free swimming larva sinks to the floor of the sea, abandons its locomotive habits, and attaches itself to stones, marine plants, mussel shells, corals, and other objects. This is done with the part of the body that was foremost in movement . . . the tail is lost, as there is no further use for it. It undergoes a fatty degeneration and disappears with the chorda dorsalis. The tailless body changes into an unsightly tube." The same degeneration is observed in many parasites. Socialism is a primitive stage through which mankind has passed in the process of development. It was a useful stage, of course, and suited to the then environment. It survives in the communal, or mir, system of Russia, which by universal consent is doomed. It may be seen in full work* amongst the Kaffirs. Mr. Dudley Kidd, in his absorbing book, *Kaffir Socialism*, the result of long and intelligent personal observation, has given us an invaluable account of primitive Socialism in being. Take, for instance, the question of land. If Collectivism is the highest stage attainable, the Kaffir system is already far ahead of that attained in Europe. "All the land," he tells us (*Kaffir Socialism*, p. 17), "owned by the tribe is vested in the chief, who allows every man to use as much ground as his wives can till. No land can be sold, entailed, or de-

vised, and yet a man knows that his gardens will never be taken from him so long as he cultivates them. All unallotted land that is not required for gardens, together with all wood and water, is regarded as common property for the grazing of cattle or for the needs of all the members of the clan. Nationalization of land is, therefore, absolute." Mr. Lloyd George's Budget in so far as it affects the land, might be based upon this principle. Perhaps it was. The consequences, as Mr. Kidd tells us p. (40), are those aimed at by Socialism, and likely to be realized if modern Radicalism, which Socialism painted yellow, has its way. "It is often said," Mr. Kidd writes, "with not a little truth, that in a Kaffir kraal there is not only no incentive, but no room for individual initiative. The consequence of this is that the entire tribe reaches—for it aims at—a low, dull level of mediocrity in which no one is behind or in front of the mass. The result of this unprogressive state of affairs is seen in the fact that the Kaffirs to-day cling to the customs of their ancestors, build the same type of rude hut, use the same primitive implement and methods of agriculture and warfare, and have borrowed little or nothing from the civilization of the white man." And so it turns out as might have been expected that the new Radicalism is not so new after all, but is a remarkably close imitation of an extinct form of Toryism belonging to a period of development long since past. So, indeed, Mr. Kidd tells us. "The clan system seems to enshrine a conservatism that is nearly absolute: all innovations are regarded with suspicion simply because they are innovations; the status of woman will apparently remain low so long as the system continues. Polygamy will vanish slowly, if at all; the belief in witchcraft will never die out, and many poor wretches will continue

to suffer from this cause; the *lobola* custom, in virtue of which a man receives a number of cattle when he gives his daughters in marriage, will probably remain the woman's one defence and safeguard—and it is not a noble one though it is surprisingly effective." The whole system of the cult of the unfit belongs to the childhood of man, and it may be that the phenomenon of Socialism is an indication of the near advent of man's second childhood. Mr. Kidd is a scientific observer and not a political satirist. Yet Swift himself could not have imagined a more bitter lesson or a truer than one conveyed in Mr. Kidd's comment upon the aspirations of the educated Kaffir. "It is strange," he says (*Kaffir Socialism*, p. 118), "that the educated natives are unable to see that they cannot have it both ways. They want all the advantages of 'political rights' that are given only to mature adults, and yet as all who follow the speeches of the educated Kaffirs know, they want also to have at the same time all the discriminating privileges that are given only to children or minors. But the moment they get their 'political rights' they will lose their children's privileges. Because they are backward and immature they ask us to protect them from competition with keen and smart white men, and piteously appeal for discriminating legislation on such a subject as the high rates of usury demanded by shady European money-lenders; they expect us to secure to them enormous tracts of land—and they insist on having the most fertile land—though thousands of white men are anxious that this land should be thrown into the market. At present we decline to listen to the white people, even though we know they would

The Fortnightly Review.

exploit the land to better purpose than the Kaffirs do; and we base our refusal to listen to the white men simply on the fact that we adopt a parental relation to the native, and therefore protect him from the fierce competition of civilization. The moment we really grant an honest franchise the Kaffirs will find the white man 'eating up' the land. In a dozen different ways we protect and shield the natives because of their political immaturity. The educated Kaffirs may now clamor for the rights of fully civilized men, but they would be the very first people to cry out when they found that the privileges granted merely because of their immaturity were vanishing one by one. The educated natives, therefore, could not be more short-sighted than to seek to be placed on an absolute equality with white men. They may not now fully realize their immeasurable inferiority to the European; let them but receive a real franchise, and they would find it out with a vengeance." The late Lord Salisbury once "got himself into trouble" because, in a speech dealing with the question of Irish Home Rule, he illustrated the truism that not all men in all conditions were fit for self-government, by observing that "you would not give self-government to Hottentots." Thereupon every Irish patriot arose in his wrath and declared that Lord Salisbury had called him a Hottentot. Undeterred by the deluge of invective which Lord Salisbury brought down upon himself, I do not hesitate to say that the cult of the unfit, as taught by our Radical Socialists, and as translated into practice by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, bears a forcible resemblance to the fallacies of "the educated Kaffir."

E. B. Ican-Müller.

THE EMPEROR OF TO-MORROW.

There is much legitimate curiosity concerning a prince who, though long in the background, seems destined one day to occupy a prominent position on the European stage. To-day he is known as Franz Ferdinand; to-morrow he may be Emperor of the Dual Monarchy as Francis II.

The drama at Mayerling Castle, in which the Archduke Rudolf, the Heir-Presumptive to the Austrian throne, perished, opened brilliant prospects to Franz Ferdinand, who had hitherto been merely one of the crowd of Austrian Archdukes. On the disappearance of the Crown Prince, the Archduke Charles Louis, father of Franz Ferdinand and brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph, became the heir to the throne; but Charles Louis was a philosopher, and, appalled by the burden and anxiety of power, he renounced his rights, and died in 1893. The Emperor was reluctant to recognize Franz Ferdinand as his successor, preferring the latter's younger brother, Otho Francis Joseph, who, however, disappointed the hopes of the 'aged monarch. He was a spendthrift. He died in 1906, leaving Franz Ferdinand in free and unchallenged possession. The future sovereign of the Dual Monarchy, who is a vigorous and taking personality, with a clear decided manner, received an excellent education. His tutor, Bishop Marschall, devoted himself to making his charge an accomplished prince, and when still quite young he finished his education by extensive travels in Egypt, Syria, Palestine, India, and Japan, whence he brought back a splendid collection.

While stationed at Presburg with his regiment the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was a constant visitor at the Chateau de Pozsony, belonging to his cousin, the Archduke Frederick, Duke

of Taschen, the husband of Princess Isabella of Croy, who had not unnaturally entertained the hope that the Heir-Presumptive might be attracted by one of her daughters, and great was her chagrin on discovering that her cousin was captivated by the charms of her companion, Countess Chotek de Chotkowa et Woguin, a very intelligent and delightful young lady, belonging to a great but impoverished Czech family. The devoted young Archduke braved all opposition, including that of his uncle, the Emperor, and overcame all obstacles, and on July 1, 1900, Franz Ferdinand was morganatically married to the Countess Chotek at Reichstadt.

This step put the Heir-Presumptive in a false position, because by the Austrian Constitution he was compelled to pledge himself on oath to the exclusion of his wife from the Austrian throne, as also to bar the succession of their children. Hungary on the other hand, where the succession was regulated by the Pragmatic Sanction of 1723, repudiated the law governing the Hapsburg succession, refused to recognize this double exclusion, and in November 1900, after a month's debate, the Budapest Parliament formally acknowledged Franz Ferdinand as the Heir-Apparent to the Crown of St. Stephen's, the net result being that while his wife and children are excluded from the Austrian Succession, their rights to the Hungarian throne are recognized. This is admittedly a strange, abnormal, and complicated situation, capable if it continues of causing the future Emperor much difficulty and embarrassment. It is obvious that when the Countess Chotek (subsequently created Princess Hohenberg by the Emperor) becomes Queen

of Hungary, while remaining merely a morganatic wife in Austria, she will occupy a peculiarly paradoxical and equivocal, not to say an impossible position. It is scarcely surprising that under such circumstances the Archduke Franz Ferdinand should be suspected of desiring to ignore the undertakings required of him by the law of Austrian succession, so as to secure for his wife and children, especially his son, the throne of the Hapsburgs. He is, indeed, believed to be bent on overcoming all opposition, however violent, and that there is opposition goes without saying. The existence of powerful Court cabals against the Archduke and the Princess Hohenberg—of which the Archduchess Grizella, the eldest daughter of the present Emperor and the wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, and the Archduchess Isabella, are the ringleaders—has long been a matter of common knowledge. These great ladies, who at one time enjoyed the countenance of the German Emperor, would transfer the Crown from the Archduke Franz Ferdinand to his nephew young Charles Francis Joseph, the son of Otho, younger brother of Franz Ferdinand. It was even rumored that the Emperor Francis Joseph regarded this intrigue with a favorable eye, as he would have so much preferred to be succeeded by his great-nephew rather than by his nephew, but there is no serious confirmation of this gossip, and recent events indicate that the Emperor is prepared to accord his rightful place in the Monarchy to the Heir-Presumptive. For some time the hostile cabal has been in a state of suspended animation, and to-day Princess Hohenberg is the object of attentions to which she was formerly a stranger. She recently received a visit from the German Crown Prince—the first member of a reigning royal family to pay

this compliment—and what was still more significant, at a dinner given in honor of the Crown Prince, at which the Archduchess Isabella was also present, Princess Hohenberg sat between the Emperor Francis Joseph and the German Heir-Apparent.

It is rumored in Court circles in Vienna that Franz Ferdinand has already bespoken the good offices of the Vatican in the steps necessary to relieve him of the oath imposed by the statute regulating the succession of the House of Hapsburg, excluding his young wife from the Austrian throne. This contingency would only arise after the death of Francis Joseph, when the Archduke would have himself become Austrian Emperor and master of the destinies of the Dual Monarchy. Doubtless such action would excite formidable opposition at the Austrian Court, but the future Emperor is not easily intimidated, and he will do his utmost to secure his end. He is already strengthening his position in the army, in which he has made himself popular, by effecting wise reforms. Thus in 1905, when representing the Emperor at the manoeuvres in Dalmatia, he took upon himself to retire the then Chief of the Staff, Baron von Beck, whom he replaced by one of his own men, General Konrad, who is still Chief of the Staff of the Austro-Hungarian army. He has since devoted himself to carrying out a comprehensive constructive policy of army reform, including the reconstitution of the General Staff, the re-distribution of army corps, the creation of a reserve artillery, the increase of the military contingent, and the expansion of the navy. He has likewise conducted a courageous campaign against "Court Generals," and almost every number of the official *Military Gazette* announces that one or other of these personages has been placed on the retired list, their places being taken by

young and capable officers. The army has complete confidence in the Archduke, who is even credited with the qualities of a generalissimo. His labors bore fruit during the recent Near Eastern crisis, when both fleet and army were rapidly and effectively mobilized, Europe being surprised by the vigor and vitality displayed by the Dual Monarchy.

For nearly ten years Francis Joseph kept the heir to the throne outside public affairs. The Prince was for all practical purposes non-existent, being without power or authority. But ultimately the Emperor realized that this rigid ostracism was bad for the future of his dominions. At first he confined his nephew to such trivial matters as the granting of leave to generals, the promotion of minor functionaries, sporting affairs, &c. &c. Gradually the relations between the Sovereign and his heir became more cordial, if not intimate, though the conflict between the Crown and the party of Hungarian independence gave rise to an incident which checked this *rapprochement*. The weary Emperor was prepared to make considerable concessions, to the annoyance of the Archduke, who was credited with saying, "A Crown is a sort of trust of which not any one, not even the reigning Sovereign, is entitled to diminish the prestige." This comment was repeated to the Emperor, who was offended and a coolness ensued between uncle and nephew, but it did not last, and the Archduke speedily recovered his influence which has grown steadily year by year, and of late the world has realized that he has become a considerable factor in the Dual Monarchy. It is universally recognized in Vienna that Franz Ferdinand was mainly responsible for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, as also for the fall of the Beck Cabinet. Thus he has exercised direct and powerful influence

on the two chief events of the day, foreign and domestic. It is indeed no longer permissible to doubt that despite hostile intrigues, the Heir-Presumptive has more than regained his influence and henceforward beside the setting Imperial sun, there is a rising Imperial sun towards which the ill-compacted inhabitants of the Dual Monarchy direct a questioning if not anxious gaze.

Foreign countries are equally interested in knowing what manner of man is the coming Emperor and King of Austria-Hungary. In domestic politics the opinions of Franz Ferdinand are fairly well known, as his acts speak with sufficient lucidity. He is an ardent Catholic, an enemy of Jews and Calvinists, who desires above all things that the Austro-Hungarian Empire should remain a Catholic Empire. He has persistently supported the fervid Catholic propaganda carried on in Bosnia and Herzegovina by Mgr. Stadler, the Archbishop of Sarajevo. He is in close relations with the Christian Socialists, who are led by the notorious Dr. Lueger, the anti-Semitic Burgomaster of Vienna, and the Archduke is credited with saying: "The enemies of the Church are the enemies of our country," which speaks volumes for his sentiments as a militant Catholic, while his inclination to adopt the title of Francis II., out of regard for the monarch of the Treaty of Vienna and the Holy Alliance, is equally significant. In a word, Franz Ferdinand is the hope of the Conservative forces of the Empire.¹ He is a no less convinced partisan of universal suffrage, believing, as he does, that such a measure would consolidate the crown

¹ Certain Viennese newspapers are alarmed at the ultra-Conservative and clerical tendencies of the Emperor of to-morrow. For instance, on November 23, the "Neues Wiener Tageblatt," in speaking of the "new course" towards which the future policy of the Monarchy appeared to be moving, expressed its anxiety at the outlook, and also as to the consequences of an anti-Hungarian policy.

of the Hapsburgs and weaken the position of the Magyars, whom Franz Ferdinand mistrusts. The action of the Hungarian Parliament in recognizing Princess Hohenberg as the future Queen of Hungary did less than might have been expected to establish friendly relations between the Archduke and the Hungarians, while the prolonged and frequently acute crisis between the Crown and the party of Hungarian Independence, towards whom the Archduke advised strong measures, perturbed political circles in Budapest. There have been other differences. It is alleged that among the grievances of the Archduke against the Hungarian Government was the question of the bishopric of Groswardeln which the Archduke desired to confer upon his Hungarian tutor, Joseph Langi, Bishop *in partibus*. The Hungarian Government demurred, ostensibly on the ground of its inability to provide the necessary endowment. Franz Ferdinand's annoyance at this rebuff was aggravated on learning that a *démarche* had already been made in Rome with a view to conferring the bishopric of Groswardeln on another candidate. Shortly afterwards a brilliant reception was held at Budapest in honor of the King of Spain, at which the Archduke appeared to completely ignore Count Apponyi, the Minister of Instruction, and when the Hungarian Government sought to pay its respects, Franz Ferdinand brusquely left Budapest in order to avoid a displeasing audience. It is therefore hardly surprising that when last November it was stated in Vienna that the Emperor contemplated celebrating the jubilee of his accession by conferring a co-regency upon his nephew, the Hungarian press should have entered a unanimous and vehement protest. On November 26 the *Budapesti Hirlap* cited Article 3 of the Hungarian Constitution—which the

Sovereign had sworn to observe—explicitly stipulating that any change of sovereignty or affecting the rights of sovereignty required the consent of the Hungarian Parliament, adding that while no one could prevent the Emperor from abdicating, it would be contrary to the fundamental laws of Hungary that he should share the sovereignty with any one else. This did not imply that Francis Joseph could not delegate his powers and privileges as regards certain functions, provided always that such functions were within the limits of the Hungarian Constitution. The leading Hungarian organ ended by recalling the fact that when Maria Theresa wished to make her husband, Francis of Lorraine, co-regent with herself, she was compelled to consult the Hungarian Parliament, which, by Law 4, 1741, limited their co-regency to functions not affecting the sovereignty.

Latterly the relations between the Heir-Presumptive and the Hungarian Government have been less strained. The Archduke received several Magyar statesmen in order to discuss the Balkan crisis, and it is believed that during these audiences he dwelt on the impossibility of weakening the bonds between Hungary and Austria. The army, for instance, must remain as it is. For if it were once decided to meet the Magyars' wishes by making the Hungarian language the only language in the Hungarian Army, instantly Czechs, Croats, Poles and other nationalities would claim similar privileges for their languages, to the disintegration of the army if not to the dismemberment of the Empire. There is nothing surprising in this attitude, which at once accords with the known ideal of the Archduke to make the Dual Monarchy a closely united Empire inspired by national ambitions, as also with his own acts, always in conformity with this ideal.

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which have steadily tended to consolidate the Empire, and to enable it to surmount the difficulties by which it is threatened. *En resumé* it may be said that as regards internal policy, there is hardly room for speculation as to the course likely to be adopted by the Archduke should he become Emperor.

But what of his external policy? It must, I think, be admitted that in this sphere his views seem more obscure and less definite. As I pointed out on a previous page, at one time, not so very long ago, the German Emperor supported the cabal of certain Archduchesses against Franz Ferdinand and his wife, its avowed object being to deprive them of their position. Consequently the Archduke regarded the German Imperial family with anything but friendly eyes. A striking instance of this hostility occurred in 1906, when the newspapers had announced that Franz Ferdinand was about to spend some days with his family at St. Moritz in Switzerland. On the eve of his departure he learnt that the German Crown Prince was also going to St. Moritz, and would be leaving Berlin on the same day that he was to leave Vienna. Accordingly the following paragraph appeared in the Austrian Press: "The German Crown Prince leaves Berlin to-day for St. Moritz where he will stay a week. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who was to have gone to St. Moritz to-day, will delay his departure by a week."²

Ultimately the German Emperor became alarmed at the hostility of the

Heir-Presumptive of Austria-Hungary towards the Hohenzollerns, and resolved *coute que coute* upon a reconciliation with which object he invited Franz Ferdinand to be his guest during the grand manœuvres of the German army in Lorraine last autumn. Franz Ferdinand was more surprised than pleased by this overture which he met with marked reserve, and in the beginning of September it was freely stated in Vienna, in Berlin and in Munich that he would not go to Lorraine. His *entourage* were convinced that he would not participate in a demonstration on the soil of one of the annexed provinces, which was both inopportune and objectionable, and calculated to hurt the susceptibilities of France. But Wilhelm II., not to be denied, made an urgent appeal to the Emperor Francis Joseph to use his influence with his nephew, and the venerable monarch, incapable of denying anything to his tempestuous ally, earnestly endeavored to overcome the Archduke's objections. On September 10 it was announced that the Archduke had accepted the invitation of the German Emperor, to the great surprise of Court circles in Vienna. Baron von Aehrenthal is believed to have backed the appeal of his Sovereign by the argument that at that particular moment the Dual Monarchy could not afford to exasperate William II. Franz Ferdinand's visit to the German manœuvres was short, and although the German Emperor was prodigal in his attentions and brimming over with amiability, it was thought that his guest remained an unwilling guest to the end, and that the relations between the two men never got beyond mere courtesy. It was, however, announced on September 30 that the German Emperor would shortly visit the Archduke at Eckartsau on the banks of the Danube, an indication of

² According to current gossip, the Archduke's irritation against the German Crown Prince had been stimulated by a trivial incident during that same year, 1906, when the Crown Prince, on returning from Gmunden, ordered lunch at the buffet at Veseli in Bohemia. The manager of the buffet, in honor of the occasion, spent 1300 francs in entertaining his royal guest, presenting the latter with a nominal bill for 120 francs, which however the Prince objected to as excessive, complained to the German Consul at Prague, and succeeded in getting the manager dismissed. The latter appealed to the Archduke, who secured his reinstatement.

more friendly relations than formerly between the two men.

The publication of the Imperial interview in the *Daily Telegraph* (October 28, 1908) made a painful impression on Franz Ferdinand who thought that William II.'s prestige must suffer severely at the very moment that for high political reasons he had sought a *rapprochement*. But events worked for the Kaiser, and the visit to Eckartsau in November cemented the friendship between guest and host, who was sensibly affected by the categorical undertakings of William II. to support Austria in the bold Balkan policy upon which she had embarked under the auspices of Baron von Aehrenthal on the instigation of the Archduke. The reconciliation between Franz Ferdinand and the German Court was emphasized by the subsequent visit paid to the Heir-Presumptive and Princess Hohenberg at their Palace of Belvedere by the German Crown Prince during his stay in Vienna, already referred to.

There are those who maintain that this *entente* is purely political, that it was only effected for reasons of State, and was contrary to the personal sentiments of the Archduke, who, however, realized that the interests of Austria-Hungary demanded close association with Germany. It is likewise affirmed that Franz Ferdinand only consented to "make it up" with the Hohenzollerns, whom he had cordially disliked, and who had disliked him, when it was demonstrated to him that British power was illusory. Who effected this conversion? I do not know. Possibly it was another of those German intrigues of which we have had such abundance of late years. The upshot is that for the time being the Archduke has abandoned his former prejudices, but we should bear in mind that he remains an ardent Catholic and an Austrian nationalist, dreaming of a

greater Austria and that personally he is self-willed, determined, and anything but pliable. When he mounts the throne of the Hapsburgs, such a character cannot fail to be a considerable factor in international affairs. It might be interesting to speculate upon the probable relations of the future Austrian Emperor with the present German Emperor, the two men being so totally dissimilar; but time alone can solve the enigma. The future policy of the Dual Monarchy largely depends upon this relationship. The reconciliation of William II. with Franz Ferdinand should not make us forget their former hostility nor should we forget that the Archduke harbors no personal hatred towards either France or Great Britain. In fact he feels very much drawn towards both those countries—for France he has considerable sympathy, in spite of certain disquieting aspects of her internal policy, which naturally disturb his Catholic mind, and he thoroughly appreciates the loyalty of the French Government in foreign affairs, while he disapproves of the Bismarckian policy of Germany towards her neighbor. He is in favor of preserving the very friendly relations with England which have so long united the two reigning houses, as also the Governments of London and Vienna, except for passing breezes. Such views scarcely accord with the vaulting ambition and passions of Germany, and they make all but the most dogmatic hesitate in forecasting the external policy of the future Emperor and King of Austria-Hungary. Though a convinced German, Franz Ferdinand is a Catholic German who desires that the centre of German activity shall be Vienna rather than Berlin. Whereas the Emperor Francis Joseph has frequently subordinated Austro-Hungarian policy to the perilous impulses of his wayward neighbor, Franz Ferdinand is likely to

take a different view of the relative positions of the two Empires. For many years Austria has been the "brilliant second" of Germany, a rôle unacceptable to Franz Ferdinand, and, sooner or later, this capable and clear-sighted Prince cannot fail to see that German Imperialism will either lead the Dual Monarchy to ruin or vassalage. Once he has grasped this fact, which is becoming ever more obvious to the intelligence of Austria and Hungary, it is not extravagant to anticipate that he will cease to regard the

The National Review.

compact between Bismarck and Andrassy as an eternal political dogma outside which there is no prosperity or security for the Dual Monarchy.

Let us hope, in the interests of European peace, for a speedy awakening in Vienna, as the aggressive power of Germany depends upon the blind concurrence of Austria-Hungary.

Whatever may be the possible evolution of Austrian policy, it is the plain duty of France, England, and Russia to remain strong, as strength alone enables peoples to profit by events.

André Mèvil.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

By M. E. FRANCIS

(Mrs. Francis Blundell.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII.

But Kitty did not go. While she was torn with doubts and scruples as to whether or not it might not be more advisable to break her promise to Stephen an important event took place. Mr. Raymond wrote to her father, making a formal proposal for the hand of Bess.

"It's the most preposterous thing I ever heard of," said Mr. Leslie, coming into the girls' sitting room. "I thought Raymond would have known better. He is just two years younger than myself—Two years! And he actually thinks I could consent to give him that child—that baby—why, she's not out of short frocks yet."

"I am," cried Bess, jumping up. "Oh, it's too bad; it really is too bad. The idea of his writing to you, Father! I dare say I'll never have a chance of another proposal and that he should go and spoil it all like this!"

Mr. Leslie gazed at her blankly; there were tears in her eyes.

"There's no need to be so much upset my dear," he said, mistaking the cause of her agitation. "Of course, I shall write at once—unless you would

prefer to do so," he added, his usual desire to shift a troublesome task on to other shoulders than his own rendering him for the moment oblivious of what was proper to the occasion.

"Of course I'll write," exclaimed Bess promptly. "But he is stupid—however I can tell him to come down and talk the matter over—that will be the best. I'll keep him in suspense a bit."

"No, no," said her father. "Far better to put the man out of pain at once."

"But I don't want to put him out of pain. I want him to be on tenterhooks till he comes down and meanwhile I can question my own heart."

Bess was beginning to enjoy herself.

"Question your heart?" ejaculated Mr. Leslie, blinking at her. "You surely don't mean to say that you are thinking of accepting him?"

"I am *thinking* of it," returned his daughter. "I'm not quite sure whether I shall do it or not. He's a very nice man and I should feel very safe with him. It might be my duty. I shall just wait and pray for guidance," she added plausibly. "May I see his letter?"

Mr. Leslie drew an envelope from

his pocket and handed it to her. Then, after a pause, during which he had eyed his child with wondering dismay, he went out of the room, turning in the doorway to beg her hurriedly to be careful not to commit herself.

Bess nodded and drawing the letter from its cover read it carefully.

"Quite a nice document," she observed in a satisfied tone presently, "but it would have been much better if he said all those pretty things to me instead of to poor, dear Father. He never appreciated me, so of course he can't appreciate them."

"Bess," said Kitty, speaking for the first time, "you don't seriously intend to marry a man nearly thirty-five years older than yourself?"

"Is it as much as thirty-five?" returned Bess. "Well, you know, there's a proverb about it's being better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. Mr. Raymond is very nice and very kind and very, very rich, and fifty-two isn't *really* old—and perhaps nobody else may turn up. That is the point, you see. Our season in London was a desperate failure—no doubt about that. And who do we see here—who are we likely to see? There's Teddy of course—Teddy does very well to play about with—but he hasn't a penny, and he'll probably be in love a dozen times before he marries anyhow. I come first on the list so I don't stand much chance, even if I did wait till he made a fortune."

She walked to the window and looked out, drumming on the pane.

"But Bess you don't—you can't—love Mr. Raymond?" faltered Kitty.

Bess turned round; the sunshine piercing through the mullioned window made a nimbus of her ruffled curls; her tone and attitude were in keeping with this sanctified effect.

"The companionship of the mind," she observed, "comes next to the companionship of the heart. In some

cases it is what is best for one. I dare say my soul will be the gainer, Kitty dear. But I shall be better able to decide when he comes."

In answer to Mr. Raymond's proposal she composed a very pretty, diffident little letter, which, while it made no definite promise, did not debar her elderly admirer from hoping, and moreover gave him permission to pay his addresses in person.

"I'll tell him he'd better put up at the Crown, though," she observed. "We couldn't make him really comfortable here; besides, we might have too much of him," she added, with engaging candor.

Kitty came flying across the room.

"Oh, Bess, tear up that letter, do! You can't even like him or you wouldn't talk of him like that."

"Don't take me up so," ejaculated Bess, wriggling out of her embrace. "I must have a little time to myself. I must be free from—from—his personal influence if I'm to keep my mind clear. It's an important decision, you know. There don't—don't worry me—I really can't be worried" she added, with an unconscious and ridiculous imitation of her father's manner.

Kitty forbore to press her further, but remained very anxious during the next few days. Her own personal doubts and fears were forgotten in her dread of an unwise decision on the part of her cherished little sister.

When Mr. Raymond arrived he was quick to note the nervous, almost suspicious, manner in which Kitty watched his advances, and in the course of the evening startled her by saying:—

"I see that you are no ally of mine."

"I don't quite admit that," returned she quickly, "it is only—oh, Mr. Raymond I can't help feeling that Bess is so young!"

"And I am so old," he added, half sadly. "Do you suppose I don't real-

ize it? If it had not been for that, I should have spoken before you left London. I was much tempted to do so, but was held back by this very consideration. Yet on reflection—on calm reflection, I decided that it might not be altogether such a bad thing for her."

"Oh, how can you tell?" cried Kitty impulsively. "She can't know her own mind yet. Supposing she were to marry you now—before she was twenty she might discover that you were the wrong man."

"That would be very sad," agreed Mr. Raymond. "But, on the other hand, you see she might find out that I was the right one. I should try and make sure of that. I think I understand her—perhaps better than any one else could. I should know how to—be forbearing. I think I could make her happy—I think—I think in time her nature would expand. It is a rich nature—full of possibilities. You will excuse me for saying that no one has as yet plumbed its depths."

Kitty was astonished and somewhat abashed. She had not as yet discovered that these depths existed.

"You have made a plaything of her," pursued the wooer, "she is well adapted for play, but, later on—with scope—"

He stopped abruptly, for at that moment Bess, strolling across the room, seized Kitty's finger and described a rapid circle with it her lips moving inaudibly the while. Kitty jerked away her hand and rose.

"It is too late to play games now, and besides, Father wants me."

"How tiresome of you!" exclaimed Bess pouting. "I wanted to see if Mr. Raymond would guess. You can't have forgotten already?" she added, turning to him.

The door was already closing behind her sister, and Mr. Raymond quietly took possession of Bess's own hand.

"Yes, I guess," he said. "It is the left hand, isn't it? And you have been drawing a ring?"

"Oh, you're not going to speak now," cried Bess in alarm. "Don't do it now. I want you to approach very gently and give me lots of time. You mustn't take everything for granted like that—talking about rings already. Besides, I don't want you to propose in here—I want it to be out-of-doors—in the garden—by moonlight, perhaps—that's how I should like it."

"You haven't thought of what I should like, have you?" said he. "It is very pretty play, Bess—but this is a serious matter for both of us."

Bess looked up at him with round solemn eyes and a pursed mouth; she was rather paler than usual.

"You must know me pretty well by this time," he went on, "and I think I know you. But one thing I don't know yet—could you learn to love me, Bess?"

Bess, becoming more and more serious, nodded without speaking.

"Ah, but wait a bit," he went on quickly. "I want you to realize what you are doing. You are scarcely more than a child, and yet—and yet from the moment you agree to be my wife you accept the responsibilities of a woman. I am too old for you—I know it—much too old—but I think I could make you happy. I will not insult you by talking of what I could give you—what I could do for you—in a material way, I mean, because I know you well enough to realize that such considerations would have no weight with you; but—"

"Mr. Raymond," said Bess, and then stopped short, breathing very quickly. Large tears were standing on her pink cheeks; all her little affectations had dropped from her. Suddenly, rushing past him, she flung herself in a corner of the sofa, burying her head in the cushions; he hurried after her in

alarm, and presently went stiffly down on one knee beside her.

"What is the matter, my child?"

Bess turned a little sideways; she was sobbing, yet nevertheless there was a dawning satisfaction in her face. Mr. Raymond was kneeling to her—even if it was only on one knee—that was a great thing to happen to anybody.

"What is it?" he repeated.

She sat up with a gasp.

"Oh, I am so sorry and so much ashamed, but I will tell you the truth. I'm not a bit what you think me. I'm a horrid, horrid, sordid little wretch, and I—I—you're quite wrong in thinking that I haven't counted on what you can do for me in a material way—I'm *dreadfully* material. I hate being poor, and never having anything pretty, and being shut up in a dull hole like this, and never seeing anybody nice or doing anything 'amusing, and I thought—yes, I did—that if I married you—"

She hid her head in the cushion again, and Mr. Raymond slowly rose and stood looking down at her. After a long pause and many tumultuous sobs, Bess peeped up again; he was smiling.

"Now supposing you sit up and make room for me beside you," he observed.

Bess obeyed, mopping her eyes vigorously with a dilapidated little handkerchief. He waited until her self-possession was in some measure restored, and then put his hand in his pocket.

"Since you are fond of pretty things I must show you one," he said. He placed a little velvet case in Bess's hand; it contained a diamond ring.

"This brings us back to our starting-point," he remarked.

Bess extended a small plump finger, for which the ring proved an excellent fit. She turned it round and round, opening and shutting her mouth several time before she could make up her

mind to speak. At last she said, still hesitatingly:—

"You know I'm not naturally serious, and it would be dreadful if you expected me to live up to you. I simply couldn't! I never thought about being a woman."

"Perhaps I was a little premature," he returned.

Bess meditated for a moment or two, still balancing the ring on her finger; then she turned towards him with a resolute air:—

"You know, Mr. Raymond, I want you to understand what you are doing. I have told you I am not naturally serious, and I'm not sure that I want to be."

"When you are my little wife you shall play as much as you like—at the proper times."

"And I've got a sordid soul!" continued Bess, earnestly; "and I—when you asked me just now if I could learn to love you I was just going to say yes, but now—I'm not so sure—and I don't think I ought to tell you a fib."

"Put that on one side for the present," said Mr. Raymond, quietly; "I am quite willing to wait."

"Then don't you want to have this back?"

"No, I want you to keep it."

Bess, with a little sigh of satisfaction, replaced the ring which she had removed, and after a pause looked shyly at her lover. He had really a very fine head, she decided, and did not look as if he were 52. He had rather puzzled her, yet, somehow, she felt that she had never liked him so well. All at once she raised her hand tentatively.

"Should you like to kiss it?" she asked.

"Very much," he rejoined, "but I'll wait for that, too."

"Well, I think I'll go to Kitty," observed Bess, after a pause. "It's—it's been rather agitating, you know—I

want to talk it over with Kitty—oh, Mr. Raymond, there's one thing I forgot to tell you—once a long time ago—several months ago—I almost thought I'd like to marry a farmer."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond.

"Yes, quite, quite a common farmer—at least not quite common, because he was educated in a way, but he isn't a gentleman. He's our landlord, and he was very kind to us and used to take us out riding, and we never saw anybody else, and I thought it would be so dreadful to be an old maid—"

"Yes—well?"

"Well, that's all. I did think of it. I wanted you to know that. Would it make any difference?"

"Not the slightest."

He made a step towards her as she reached the door.

"Bess, you have told me a great many things to-night, and I have told you hardly anything, but I think you know what I feel about you. Try to think of that sometimes while I am waiting."

He opened the door for her and she walked away very slowly, calling discreetly on her sister's name outside the study door. Receiving no answer she galloped upstairs to their joint bed room, and flung herself impetuously into the arms of Kitty, who anxiously started up to greet her.

After a strangulating hug she disengaged herself and held up for inspection the finger wearing the ring.

"Already!" exclaimed Kitty. "You are engaged already, Bess?"

"I don't know," rejoined Bess reflectively. "I suppose I am in a way, but I want to tell you and see what *you* think. He began by saying—No, I don't think I can tell you—I feel queer—I feel very queer. I wish I wasn't such a horrid grovelling wretch. I told him I was—and he didn't seem to mind, and he—oh, Kitty, he says he's

waiting—I do hope he won't be disappointed."

"My darling, I don't understand you."

"I think he's waiting for me to turn into a woman—and of course we all do that—and one can be a woman even at eighteen if one goes about it in the right way. I think—Oh, I don't know what I think—he doesn't seem a bit like the Mr. Raymond who used to take us about sightseeing in London—he's quite different and somehow—I don't know—"

"You don't know that you like him so well?" inquired Kitty, anxiously.

"No," corrected Bess, emphatically multiplying her negatives. "I don't know that I don't like him the more."

Each sister had now certain reserves with the other, and yet they had never clung more closely together. Kitty could not contemplate leaving home in the present unsettled state of the little household. If Bess made up her mind to accept Raymond, then surely it was right that they should see all they could of each other before the separation that must ensue; if, on the other hand, the semi-engagement came to nothing she could still less bear to leave Bess alone, disappointed and depressed. It was, moreover, very easy to avoid the Hardys and Sheba. Kitty's bedroom was a point of vantage whence she could watch their goings and comings; and she could in consequence time her own in contrary fashion.

Once or twice, indeed, Rebecca made some excuse for coming to see the sisters, but gradually these visits ceased. Bess, full of her actual importance and prospective dignity, did not encourage them, and Kitty was nervous and constrained, though she never failed to hug her kind old friend at parting with a warmth which astonished that good woman, and caused her to feel yet more puzzled over their changed relations.

Raymond stayed a week in the neighborhood and then returned to London, leaving his ring in Bess's keeping but extracting no definite promise from her before departing. He preferred to wait, he said, and meanwhile Bess was not to worry—though she was to think of him as much as possible, she was not to endeavor to

The Times.

come to any fixed decision with regard to him.

"When a man has waited as long as I have, he can afford to wait a little longer," he said.

He held her hand a moment at parting, but he did not kiss it; and when he had gone, Bess went upstairs to her room and cried.

(To be continued.)

ON THE LABRADOR.

It must be acknowledged that there is something extraordinarily attractive about a hunting ground that is still virgin, especially when it holds out a prospect of illimitable square miles of country and endless possibilities of anticipation, even if these latter never materialize.

It was with this most elusive charm about its practically untrodden interior that I embarked for the Labrador Peninsula in the early autumn of 1903, with the hope of finding out how and where there was a reasonable chance of coming in view of the herds of barren land caribou which roam at large through that houseless land. There was everything to learn and few people to be met with who possessed any exact knowledge. Indeed several hours spent among the whalers and about the wharves of the "South Side" of the estuary of St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, bore next to no result, since the cod-fishers, who had experience of the Labrador, although well acquainted with the sea and all that therein is of those latitudes, knew singularly little of the vast interior upon whose foreshore they had spent many a bitter summer.

A map told no more, but the Reid Newfoundland Company kindly provided me passage in the *Virginia Lake*, adding their good wishes for

the success of one of the first sportsmen to leave behind the well-stocked barrens of Newfoundland with a view to going farther afield and—probably—faring worse.

For nearly seven months of every year Labrador above the fiftieth parallel is shut off from the rest of the world by a barrier of ice, its only communication being maintained by a *komatik* or dog-sledge post that arrives about Christmas. During the summer its desolate settlements receive a fortnightly or three-weekly visit from the mail-boat *Virginia Lake*, the Hudson's Bay steamer the *Pelican* on summer service to their ports, the *Strathcona* of the Deep-Sea Mission carrying the gallant Grenfell on his errands of mercy, and the *Harmony* which brings supplies to the Moravian Mission stations; these, with the cod-fishery fleets sum up the usual traffic of the open season.

As might be expected, Labrador is one of the most thinly populated countries in the world. Its native population consists of a few hundreds of Indians in the far interior and a few groups of Eskimo on the coast; to these may be added the "liveyeres," or "live heres" as the white settlers are called, the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, and last but not least the missionaries of the Moravian

Church, a body of men who yield to none in the singleness and nobility of their aims, and—often a very different thing, alas!—in the adequate methods by which they pursue them. So much for the residents all the year round. In early summer their numbers are increased by the cod fleet from Newfoundland, who at the earliest moment that the weather permits battle north in their schooners and take possession of their little wooden stations which dot the coast from Square Island to Fanny's Harbor. Their season lasts from June to October, and during this period they work as hard as men on a Polar Expedition.

The Labrador, thanks to the Moravians and the Deep-Sea Mission with the indefatigable Dr. Grenfell at its head, is a most God-fearing region. At the cod stations they will not even dry fish on a Sunday. On a certain glorious Sunday morning, the head of one of these little colonies remarked ruefully, "If to-day had been yesterday, I'd have got every kental dried, and now maybe we'll have no sun until we sail." An eventuality which would have meant the loss of many hundred dollars; but fortunately on this occasion the sun shone brightly not only on Monday but even on Tuesday.

It was already late in September when, accompanied by Jack Wells, now one of the best-known Newfoundland guides, but then promoted from a camp-cook and handyman to be a full-blown guide for the first time, I went aboard the *Virginia Lake*, sole passengers, and started on a coasting ship's slow passage up the peninsula. The steamer called at fifty-four points before, after two abortive attempts, we finally landed, during a half-gale from the S.E., at Fanny's Harbor.

We had no sooner gone ashore than our medical knowledge—if we had any—was requisitioned for the cook,

whose hand had been poisoned by a cod bone and whose arm was frightfully swollen. As, however, there was a Government doctor on board the *Virginia Lake*, and the ship would call at Fanny's Harbor on her return trip, my medical skill was only tested to the extent of a poultice and bandaging, which was doubtless a lucky thing for the cook. A couple of days later, as Jack Wells and I were returning from shooting, a loud and dolorous cry was accounted for by the information that the mail-boat doctor was "putting cook to rights."

Fanny's Harbor is an island settlement, and as the "liveyere" who carries the mail across to the mainland had, for some unexplained reason, departed on the day previous to the arrival of the *Virginia Lake*, we were in a sense marooned upon the island, where, however, we sought popularity by the timely slaughter of an arctic hare and a brace of ducks.

The gale held for two days before, weary of waiting, I at length prevailed upon the head of the settlement to lend me a trap-boat with a crew to row her and in the black of dawn, after a most glorious display of Aurora Borealis, the "searchlights of God," we set off for Davis Inlet, twenty miles away.

Before leaving St. John's, I had arranged with the Reid Company to send the *Virginia Lake* to call for us at Fanny's Harbor about October 17 or 18. In view of possible contingencies, and to secure as much time for hunting as possible, I purchased the trap-boat, and in the event it proved useful.

We started before dawn, as at that hour the wind had died away and the dangerous passage between the twin rocks which guard the entrance to Fanny's Harbor seemed practicable. Soon the settlement was standing behind us, a compact rocky mass against the dawn, as the boat, propelled by six

enormous and clumsy oars, crept slowly out from its shadow. To starboard the swell was bursting upon the bases of seven or eight huge icebergs, while upon the port side of our little craft lay the wild coast of Labrador, low and bare until it rose into massive headlands to the south.

Rain commenced to fall at dawn, and about midday it became obvious that we should not be able to make Davis Inlet before dark, and as no one aboard had a pilot's knowledge of any save the rocks and reefs of Fanny's Harbor the helm was perforce put over and we headed for Jack Lane's Bay, a deep creek upwards of a dozen miles long, on the north side of which, I was told, there dwelt an old trapper named Sam Broomfield, who had killed some deer the previous season.

At first, upon both sides of the Inlet, the shores were flat and treeless, but as mile joined mile in our wake, patches of hardy conifers became more and more frequent. A number of waders with long yellow legs, locally known as "twillig," haunted these flat shores, and one or two that flew over the boat were saluted with a paradox shot-gun. Ultimately, three twilligs and a red-breasted merganser made up the bag. Just before we came in sight of Broomfield's house an exceedingly wild seal, of the species known as harbor seal, or bay seal, an animal identical with our common seal, *Phoca vitulina*, showed at a distance of about three hundred yards, but having evidently had some former experience of boats, it dived immediately, only to reappear some ten minutes later in mid-estuary.

As a matter of fact, seals are wilder about Labrador than in any waters I have visited, excepting only the Froien, off the coast of Norway, a group of bare islands almost cut by the Arctic circle. Of course, the reason of the wariness of the seals in

Labrador waters is not far to seek. The skin, flesh, and blubber form very important assets in the lives of the shore-dwellers. Boots made of seal-skin are the universal foot-gear, and fetch about 8s. a pair. I afterwards found that in the making of these boots, and indeed in all Arctic needle-work, Mrs. Sam Broomfield stood unrivalled even by the Eskimo. She uses the pelt of the common seal for the legs and that of the square-flipper for the soles, while she ornaments the top with a fringe of ring-seal. Boots and moccasins made by her are sought after far and wide. While I was up country she made me a camera-case and a cartridge bag of sealskin, both of which show absolutely no sign of wear even after the many hard trips they have undergone.

However we have travelled ahead of the boat, which soon beached beneath the cabin. Our landing was attended by a dozen huskies, animals which recent fiction has glorified beyond their deserts. These dogs, led by a bulky animal called Buller, watched us disembark with their bright eyes. Fiction has said how the moment a husky vanquished in fight loses its legs, its team-mates fall upon and tear it to pieces, but fiction has not added that a child, or even in some instances an adult, must also keep his feet to secure safety from a similar fate. A few months before our visit, a child at Cartwright, one of the Hudson's Bay posts, slipped upon a wooden jetty and fell amongst the huskies. There were upwards of fifty bites upon her before her mother, who showed the highest courage, succeeded in driving the brutes off. During the daytime the husky is fairly amenable to the well-aimed stone, but at night, or under stress of temptation, the savage wolf-nature breaks out at once. I can remember an anxious pilgrimage I made in the starshine to fetch a shirt I had

left to dry on the bushes, during which I was accompanied by Buller and his fellows, all treading delicately.

In the summer-time the ordinary Labrador liveyere does not trouble himself over-much with the problem of dog-food. If he happens to catch a fish unfit for human consumption, he carries it home for the dogs; if not, the animals are left unfed and support themselves by theft or by long hunting expeditions. On one occasion I nearly added a husky to my bag. I came upon him among the spruces some miles inland, and had already thrown the rifle to my shoulder when I recognized that the creature slinking through the shadows was not a wolf but a dog.

Summer is the hard season for the husky, his owners probably thinking that as he does no work at that time he needs no food; but as soon as the snow comes and the *komatiks*, or sledges, appear the lot of the husky undergoes a change. He is then fed and looked after as much as he needs and, the latter at least, more than he likes. He is then the outward and visible sign of the prosperity and status of his owner. A man possessing four dogs is poor, eight makes him well-to-do, while a liveyere who can count upon sixteen has attained the dignity of a solid yeoman of the Labrador.

But the huskies have taken us far from our theme. Mrs. Broomfield told us that her husband and son were in summer quarters at the end of the bay, so after a most grateful cup of tea we once more manned our trap-boat, and pursued our way between the now indrawing shores. Rather more than a couple of hours brought us within sight of our destination and of two men in green flat-bottomed boats, who were seal-hunting at the mouth of a river. These proved to be Broomfield and his son, and

they rowed out to meet us, so that very soon we were all on shore collected round a fire. The same evening our crew left us, as the wind had shifted to a quarter which promised a clear run down the estuary, and Jack and I were left with the trappers.

That night, as we smoked our pipes in the glow of the camp fire, we gained at last some first-hand information about the caribou.

For the previous seven or eight years one of the main herds (so far as I know it is generally believed there are three in the peninsula) put in an appearance in the vicinity of Sam Broomfield's house between November 5 and 19. Only the year before the old trapper and his son had shot thirty animals, and Mrs. Broomfield had watched a part of the migration from her back window. These facts, though exceedingly interesting, came in the nature of a blow to my hopes, for it was perfectly obvious that, as I had to join the steamer at Fanny's Harbor on October 16, the caribou would still be some hundreds of miles to the north-west when I must perforce say farewell to Jack Lane's Bay.

Though bereft of any chance of seeing "*la foule*," as the French Canadians of Hudson's Bay call the great migration of the caribou, Sam considered it quite possible that we might, to use his own words, "come up with some stags that's got left behind," and with a view to doing this our party of four traversed the woods and barrens round the end of the Inlet for the next few days. Our efforts proved entirely fruitless, for we saw neither track nor sign of any animal whatever save foxes. Once Sam, looking over the vast landscape of fir and spruce, interspersed with wide and dismal marshes, said, "The Labrador do make a man feel terrible lonesome." I don't think any words could have bettered this description.

It brought to mind also the fact that here in the far north, where the limitless barrens set no bounds to his wanderings, the caribou is a most elusive animal, capricious and uncertain in the line of his migrations. Yet the Indians, Yellow-knives from beyond the Peace River, Montagnais and Nascaupees of Labrador have nothing but the herds between them and the grim shape of "Bukadawin" (famine) who sat in Hiawatha's wigwam. Bands of the Indians pass away into the barrens every year to search for the caribou; if they cut the line of migration they fare sumptuously, and, moreover, make provision for the winter for their families. But should they fail to meet them there is often an end to their hunting, and the squaws down in the timber lands watch in vain for their return. How many times, one wonders, has a company of Indians struggled forward, staring at the horizon, where white snow meets gray sky, straining their eyes for the shapes which are perhaps passing in thousands just beyond a man's sight to the east or the west of them. The story is told of such a party of hunters, who waited and watched in vain. One died and then another; whatever weakness any individual had, it found him out, until at last but two were left, and they also had turned their faces to the skin wall of the fireless tent, when the stronger, crawling to the door, saw a forest of horns growing up against the wide sunrise as unnumbered deer moved slowly out of the north-east.

Having exhausted the hunting-grounds about the Inlet, we derived some fresh encouragement from a statement of Sam's to the effect that one September some seventeen years earlier a band of Eskimo had visited a lake lying to the south-west and there had killed nineteen deer and two black bears. He further said that we

could reach another lake on the same chain by travelling up Jack's Brook, a stream which flows into the Inlet from the north. Also that by taking this route I should include in my hunting-ground the large sand-ridges which run inland in that neighborhood. Were I to go to Labrador again, I should follow a different route and would, I think, run every chance of reaching the main herd of so-called barrenland caribou. This herd is on the barrens in August, and during that month enters the isolated timber, working out to the coast on the following November.

Thus it would appear that the herd spends its year half in the woodlands and half upon the barrens and for that reason it would seem as if the name barrenland caribou is a misnomer. The animals are smaller than their Newfoundland collaterals and carry fine antlers; one in my possession measures fifty-six inches in length, and another carries a pair of brow-antlers—always rare in the caribou—and counts forty-five points. These two heads were shot from the herd which reaches the coast in the neighborhood of Davis Inlet.

It only remained to follow Broomfield's counsel and try our luck at Jack's Brook, in the hopes of finding a stag that had summered upon one of the sandy ridges. According to Sam, some ten or fifteen years earlier a few deer were always to be found on the edges of the high bare upland which stretches from within a mile of his house right into the interior of the peninsula of Labrador. In winter the Broomfields, father and son, make long trapping expeditions by *komatik* through this country, but for many years it has been left in peace by the Eskimo, who now hunt only in spring. Eleven years had passed, Broomfield said, since he had killed a deer in summer or early fall and it was upon

this rather hopeless information that Jack Wells and I rowed down the Bay until we came to the mouth of Jack Lane's Brook, to give it its full name. Here, seeing some ducks and waders, we did a little shooting for the pot before starting in earnest.

A few hours later we were engaged in hauling our craft up a small rapid, when we perceived a figure approaching us along the north bank. It was that of a very old half-breed. A white forked beard swept his breast, and as we came nearer we saw that he was clad from head to foot in sealskins. He was called Old Man Lane, though whether it was to him or to his father that the locality owed its title we did not learn. He told us that he had been setting a bear-trap a mile or so above, and on our return, when we mentioned our meeting with him, we heard that, having taken a bear in a trap earlier in the season, the Old Man, finding himself without a gun, had gone steadily to work and stoned the bear to death. But as we saw him, crooked with rheumatism, he seemed to have scarcely enough vitality to stagger over the rough ground.

A couple of evenings later, having spent the intervening time in the ordinary routine of travel and reconnoitring, Jack Wells and I made our camp in a disused lodge which must have been originally built by Eskimo hunters. We had now gained a fair idea of the nature of the country. Endless barrens, white, yellow and red with reindeer moss, and dotted with Arctic berries, rolled away until they merged in a dim blue tumult of mountains which shut in the horizon; here and there in the hollows of the hills stood little clumps of evergreen trees, overgrown with moss, harps for the wind, inexpressibly lonely. There were marshes also and deep lakes unchristened as yet, for the surface of Labrador is mostly water and the

smaller lochs are all nameless. Nor is this unnatural seeing that the settlers only visit them when they are frozen and obliterated by a mantle of snow.

Certainly it is a wild and gloomy country, far more sterile than the wildest parts of Newfoundland, a fact upon which Jack always laid emphasis when he lit the camp fire, bemoaning the absence of birchbark, and evidently holding but a poor opinion of a country where, as he said, a man could not "get warm to rights." On the evening upon which we made our camp in the deserted *igloo* beside the shores of the lake, I took my rifle and went for a stroll on the heights to the south of the outlet. It had rained in the day, and the black flies had been exceedingly pressing in their attentions, but with the evening a wind blew out of the north-west, always a herald of fine weather in the Labrador autumn, the heavy clouds and the sultry airs passed away, giving place to the clear blue northern sky. My way led me over a series of ridges which seemed to roll for miles upwards to the height of land. It was impossible for hundreds of yards at a time to put down one's foot without crushing masses of purple and yellow berries. The Arctic summer may be short, but it crowds into its short life a wealth of achievement. To man Labrador is, in all its moods, cruelly inhospitable, but to fur and feather it becomes, during the autumn months, a kindly stepmother. As I walked forward, covey after covey of willow grouse rose wild from their feast of berries. A few nights before we had seen and marked down thirty of these birds within two hundred yards of Broomfield's house, and with the aid of a paradox had lessened their numbers by eleven, being at length driven to desist by the sheer tameness of our quarry. But here, where the grouse had prob-

ably never seen man or been startled by his footsteps, the birds rose at a hundred yards. The reason was soon obvious, for along the height of land the ground was seamed with fox-tracks.

I had been walking not more than half an hour when, taking a zigzag path up a hillside, I entered a grove of trees and cut beneath a juniper the track of a black bear. Following it, I soon came upon evident signs of its freshness, for in the soft ground it was perfectly clear that it had been made since the rain. The bear had been feeding upon the berries over which I had walked and moreover he had dined not wisely but too well, since, after the manner of the Roman Emperors the great creature had vomited a part of his feast and had begun feeding again immediately afterwards. I do not think the bear could at any time have been more than two or three minutes ahead of me, and had I hurried across the moss where my footfalls were noiseless it is quite possible that I should have seen him before he entered an area of bush where the highest juniper did not reach ten feet, but where low scrub and fallen timber made it necessary to clear the ground before every step. Twenty yards deep in this unfortunate wilderness I heard the bear moving on my right hand. Here the bushes appeared to open out, and seeing free ground underfoot, I walked rapidly in that direction. But this time defeat came from above, not from below. The jagged branches of a dead pine touched the felt hat I was wearing, producing a thin and penetrating sound. I heard two sticks break, and a moment later was gazing sadly at the tracks of what must have been a very startled bear.

I followed the trail, which soon showed that their maker had slowed down, but evidently with no intention

of stopping. This led me out on to a high wild barren from which I searched in vain for any patch of black, moving or stationary. The sun was going down behind the mountains. As I watched, it sank almost visibly from view leaving behind it a cold, milk-white twilight, which slowly darkened to night. The bear had led me in something of a circle, so that I came out hardly a mile from camp. The wind had died away and every sound was audible. A splash in the lake, or so I fancied, as Jack drew water for the evening meal, was followed by the desolate cry of a mother loon who, doubtless terrified by his appearance, circled and screamed at an immense height above the little feathery balls which represented her brood, and which would one day be great northern divers, weighing nine pounds, and capable of killing the largest trout and ouananiche.

Presently her cries ceased, and the noise of her plunge into the lake came quite clearly. Then it seemed to grow rapidly darker, the wild had gone to its rest, the circle of sight narrowed, darkness seemed to lie in pools in every hollow, and long before I saw Jack crouched beside the open fire, the stars had come out and the owls were calling in the green timber on the shores of the lake.

Making Igloo Camp our headquarters, we spent the next and following days in long roving about the surrounding country. Once we found a fortnight-old track of a caribou stag, and twice a young spruce-tree stripped of its bark, but the stags which had rubbed the velvet from their horns among the branches had done so a couple of years before, as not only were the trees long dead, but their fellows had grown up and overtopped them. Yet even if the country lacked what we most wished to find, it possessed a singular, if harsh, charm of its own. One

spot particularly I used to love to visit, whether alone or in Jack's company. This was a little upland lake which lay some two miles to the north-west of our camp. Surrounded by trees and seemingly of great depth, it presented the appearance of an unfathomable pit sunk into the roots of the hills. The inevitable diver and her brood called ceaselessly upon its waters, bringing back to memory the beautiful and poetic words of Salltatha, the Yellowknife Indian, "My father, you have spoken well. You have told me that heaven is beautiful. Tell me now one thing more. Is it more beautiful than the land of the musk-ox in summer, when sometimes the mist blows over the lakes, and sometimes the waters are blue, and the loons call very often? This is beautiful, my father. If heaven is more beautiful I shall be content to rest there till I am very old." Besides the loons two ospreys haunted the little lake, sometimes fishing in the shallow stream which fed it; sometimes winging their way over it and out into the blue distance towards the sea.

But Indians, poetical or otherwise, rarely visit it, their hunting-ground being hundreds of miles away in the neighborhood of the George River. Sometimes in birchbark canoes they come down out of the interior to do their yearly trade at the Hudson's Bay posts or Davis Inlet and Cartwright. Then, having bartered their furs, there follows a few days' lounging about the store. The Mountaineers or Montagnais are no longer the picturesque figures they once were. Instead of the caribou-skin coats figured and painted with strange devices, they now wear a summer garb of felt hat, trade shirt, and blue jean jumpers. All that remains of the ancient dress are the deerskin moccasins worked by their women in their winter camps. Powder and ball, tea and tobacco, a little

bright-colored finery for the women (whom they never bring down to the coast) form their currency, and presently, one morning, after a ceremonious farewell, the birchbark canoes are loaded and their owners paddle away into the wilderness and vanish for another year. They are accompanied upon their journey by their hunting dogs, small and quick-footed creatures quite unlike the husky in appearance.

Day after day from all the high hills I used to search for the smoke of Indian fires, as for some reason that year the Montagnais had not come in any numbers to the posts. During this time it was bright windy weather; the wind never dropped, but blew so fiercely that it made the eyes ache. The same wind, had we known it, was preparing the way for a tragedy to the south of us. It was this pitiless wind which delayed the Hubbard expedition and finally caused them to turn and to attempt to struggle back through the long valley of the Susan River. They had set out early in the season and had pushed on, hoping always to find the caribou, on which they depended for food, but in all their wanderings they killed but one animal, so that finally, weakened by hunger, and beset by snows, poor young Hubbard succumbed, after a most gallant struggle, while his two companions, pushing on to get help, could not bring it until too late.

The story of the journey of George Elson, who, feeding as he could on grouse and porcupine, fought his way to Grosswater Bay, is one of the epics of the Men of the Woods, and it can be read, and should be read in "A Woman's Way through Labrador," which tells also how Hubbard's widow undertook the task her husband had given his life for, and carried it through with a splendid courage to success.

It was, I think, on the fifth day on

rising in the morning I found that the bear which I had followed had returned my visit, and not only this but had brought a friend with him. The almost human track passed within fifty yards of our camp, when doubtless the smoke of the dying fire had sent both animals off at speed. After a couple of days spent in earnestly searching for sign or sight of game, we broke camp and passed to other hunting-grounds. But in all the days we spent in Labrador neither of us saw either bear or caribou in the flesh.

September had merged into October when we again found ourselves at Broomfield's house. Here I learned that the summer colony of cod-fishers at Fanny's Harbor had already departed for the south, and the captain of the *Virginia Lake* doubted whether the Newfoundland Government (in this matter the Reid Company are the agents of Government) would sanction the steamer's venturing so far north at the date arranged, but he had promised to pick me up at Hopedale, sixty miles to the south, about the 15th of the month. It was now that the trap-boat proved of service.

Sam was absent on his monthly errand to fetch the mails, and incidentally my boat, from Fanny's Harbor. We, while awaiting his return, thoroughly explored the scene of his never-to-be-forgotten hunt which took place some seven years before our visit, when one day he saw a large brownish creature lumbering through the woods, cut it off behind a clump of spruce and killed it with a shot from his rifle. It was not until he was bending over his quarry that he discovered that he had slain a polar bear. Its nose and jaw were full of porcupine quills, and the fact that it had been rolling in the mud of the river bank, probably in its efforts to get rid of the quills, had turned it into a likeness of a gigantic barrenground bear. The deaths of

this animal and of seven walrus that were slain by the Eskimo of Hopedale form the two red-letter events of which every visitor to that region is sure to hear. But we, alas! had no good fortune, our single success being scored at the expense of a gray seal that was fishing at the mouth of the river. For the rest, we only succeeded in keeping ourselves and the Broomfield family supplied with feathered game.

At length I was beginning to grow anxious about catching my steamer at Hopedale, which was the last before the winter closed in, when Sam put in a welcome appearance with my boat. The morning following, he and his son, Wells and myself, with a long-haired being called Sandy, started on our sixty miles voyage to the south. This distance we expected to be able to make by the afternoon of the next day, but, owing to contrary winds, evening found us still within the broad-spread arms of Jack Lane's Bay, and in the morning, after a night ashore round an open fire, the wind hardened to a gale, which blew almost in our faces and prevented our making much progress. As such storms often hold back the traveller in Labrador a week or more at that season, we lost no opportunity to push ahead, but after a day spent tolling at the oars, which were of the narrow-bladed pattern that girth some twelve to fourteen inches below the grip, we found ourselves windbound at nightfall. On the following day the weather had become worse, and had it been necessary to cross much open water we should have been forced to anchor. Our way, however, lay among the islands until we reached the long rock-walled stretch of water which is called Windy Tickle. At certain times Windy Tickle is quite impossible, as the winds roar down it like a league-long funnel, the sheer cliffs on either hand rising some hun-

dreds of feet from the level of the sea.

As I had left most of our provisions with our kind friend, Mrs. Broomfield, we suddenly discovered that beyond tea and tobacco and a half-loaf of bread our little stock was at an end. Next morning, therefore, we ran across to a rocky island locally famed as the breeding place of the Arctic hare. But the most careful search and all the efforts of Sam, Abraham, Jack and Sandy—all of whom probably for the first time in their lives took part in a hare drive—resulted only in the flushing of one or two twittering inhabitants of the isle which were quite unworthy of a twelvebore cartridge. The hares were either altogether absent or remained in shy seclusion, and food having become a necessity I succeeded, amid the plaudits of the crew, in massacring five gulls, one for each man. These were rapidly skinned, placed in a large iron pot, and drawn out of it while the water was still almost luke-warm, but not before Sam, having discovered the lack of salt, had found time to add a hatful of seawater! The birds, contrary to expectation, or because hunger is so good a sauce, were much appreciated, and from that time onwards until we arrived at Hopedale no herring-gull or blackback flew into sight without drawing the eager eyes of the crew of the trap-boat.

But all things have an end, and at length on the evening of the following day, turning a high bluff, we saw before us the lights of Hopedale, and soon heard the long undulating cry with which the Eskimo announces the arrival of a strange boat. Soon we tied up against the wharf and were making the acquaintance of the Rev. W. W. Perrett, the house-father of Hopedale Mission and one of the most charming men it would be possible to meet. While the crew sought the hos-

pitality of one of Sam's sons-in-law, Jack and I went up to the mission-house, where a dish of canned caribou was quickly set smoking before us and Mr. and Mrs. Perrett were asking and giving news of the coast.

The voyage to Hopedale with its mild experiences of roughing it would have been thoroughly enjoyable but for the fears which beset me concerning the arrival and departure of the mail-boat, doubts which were not much allayed by Sam's assurance that if I missed her I must stay over the winter with him, and that I should then have an opportunity of shooting the finest lot of caribou trophies ever taken out of Labrador. This probably might have proved true, as up to that time no one with any motive beyond that of killing meat had pursued the herds; yet the prospect of an enforced residence of eight months was not one calmly to be anticipated, the more especially as it would have been impossible for me to communicate the reason of my detention to my relatives, or indeed to Jack's, who assured me that his wife at Glovertown, Bonavista Bay, would say in the words of Penelope:

" . . . Either he is drowned,
Or else his bones lie on the mainland
in the rain."

Or, as he more prosaically put it, "I would be give up in our bay for dead and eat by Eskimo on the Labrador."

But the steamer had not arrived, nor did she put in an appearance for three or four days. During the interval I saw something of life at the mission-station. It is impossible here to do any justice to the magnificent work of the Moravian brethren. Quite apart from their efforts in the cause of Christianity, it is my belief that but for their restraining influence and aid the Eskimo population of the southern Labrador would have vanished almost

completely. It is well known that no race is more liable to suffer disastrous consequences from unchecked contact with civilization than are the Eskimo. Dr. Nansen has put it on record that even so mild a luxury as coffee has very traceable effects upon the constitutions of this people, and it is certain that the Moravian missionaries have stood between the Eskimo and indulgence in stimulants far more deleterious than coffee.

The mission-stations of Okak, Nain, Hebron, Hopedale, and Makouvik, extending as they do along many degrees of latitude, form sanctuaries for the converts, where under the wise and benign rule of the house-father (as the head of each station is called) they are encouraged to live an existence which preserves as far as possible all that is manly and wholesome in their characters. The influence which has led not only to the degradation but almost to the extinction of the Eskimo upon other littorals has invariably taken the shape of strong drink. Against such traffic the missionaries resolutely set their faces. Had they not done so, it is certain that the Eskimo would long since have become the victims of the itinerant trader and that, instead of a healthy and self-supporting community, the race would, a generation ago, have vanished from the Labrador.

Thus it is not too much to say that the Moravians are responsible for the continuance of the people to whom they devote their lives. While holding the highest record in the missionary field of any Church in the world, a Moravian settlement brings with it immense boons of a material nature. Each individual missionary has learned and is expert in the medical profession, or in some trade likely to be useful to his converts. Dr. Yan-nasch built the church and mission-house at Makouvik, and the Eskimo workmen who assisted him have since

turned their attention to their own dwellings. Other missionaries build boats, others again understand the theory and practice of gaining their living from the sea. And so the work goes on. All are practical men, who labor shoulder to shoulder with their people and who in this manner establish a mental leadership which is bracing and effective. On the spiritual side of the question, I believe that a large proportion of the children of missionaries return to the mission-field to follow in their fathers' steps. Certainly no financial inducements are offered, for in Labrador, at any rate, the salaries of these devoted men range from £9 to £17 a year. Often they pass ten or even twenty years without returning to Europe, and when they do come, it is but for a short time, between the visits of the *Harmony*, the mission-ship which keeps up the yearly communication between England and the coast of Labrador. It is pleasant to think that the Church of England has for many years aided the Moravians by means of an affiliated society. One thing at least is unquestionable—that every sovereign which the people of England and America and Germany subscribe towards the Moravian Church is made to do the work of two or three times that sum by the single-heartedness and the capacity with which it is administered.

The Moravians in Labrador have experienced one or two strange difficulties in their task. Of these the smallest is making the Old Testament, with its wealth of pastoral detail, understandable to the Eskimo, not one of whom has ever seen a horse. Sheep and cattle they cannot realize or conceive of, for there are no domesticated animals save dogs in that portion of the peninsula. They comprehend the story of Esau the hunter and that of Samson and the lion, which

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animal can be translated as polar gulls circled screaming on the shore, bear; but of Abraham in the land of Mesopotamia they can form no picture; the nearest approach to these ideas is drawn from the harvest of the sea, seals and fish taking the place of flocks and herds. . . . So is the Bible interpreted to the harsh meanings of Northern life.

One picture of Hopedale is still very vivid. On the day after our arrival an old Eskimo hunter had died, and his fellows bore his body to a wild high bluff along the sides of which generations of their race had been buried. At the head of the procession walked the Brother who was conducting the service, and up the steep path was strung out the entire population of Hopedale. Among the huts some of the dogs were howling, a flock of

The Cornhill Magazine.

and from the cemetery came the sound of singing. The detached syllables, strange to a European ear, blended oddly with a tune that one has heard in a hundred churches, floated back to us on the frosty air.

At last one day, having set an Eskimo to watch for the mail-boat's coming, we, accompanied by one or two of the Moravians, set out, hoping to add some willow grouse to our bill of fare. As we returned with three birds in the evening, we found our sentinel happily asleep in the icy wind, and the *Virginia Lake* steaming up the channel and about to lie-to in the fiord-like bay.

Within a week we disembarked at St. John's.

H. Hesketh Prichard.

THE ROAD AND THE POWER-VEHICLE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. H. A. MACDONALD, K. C. B.

It was said in a former article, "Motoring To-day," in June *Chambers's Journal*: "The matter of real public interest now is the road. . . . The question of power-locomotion is already finally settled." It is proposed to emphasize these two assertions.

The development of power-traction on roads has brought the highway itself once more into prominence as a subject demanding public attention. For half a century the road was of secondary or even third-rate importance only, in the life of the community. Traffic was no longer a lively phase of country life. In the early seventies the writer made more than one horse-driving excursion through England and Scotland, finding often that for miles and miles not a vehicle was to be seen, unless it might be a farmer's cart or an itinerant butcher or grocer visiting farms and hamlets, and now and again a badly appointed

mail-gig with a sorry nag doing its six miles an hour between the railway town and an outlying district. My horses were baited at many a large posting-inn, where the long range of stables on the ground-level, and the long range of bedrooms above them, deserted and shuttered, spoke sadly of departed glory of the past, when every stall was full, and the travellers took lodging, or came in to a comfortable English dinner, until the horn proclaimed that they must once more mount the coach. All was desolation, a tap-room, a commercial-room, and a few bedrooms being all that remained in active use, and the chances of being able to obtain a good meal by no means great. As for the roads, in dry weather the surface was of loose stones and dust, in wet weather deep puddles and thick mud. The roadman was too often an aged rheumatic laborer with bent back and stiff limbs, put to road-making in his old age be-

cause he was no longer fit for any thing else, as his presence there would relieve the local poor-rate. His time was spent in scraping the mud off the road in wet weather, and mending the road in dry weather by putting down stones in quantities, to be left to form themselves into a road surface by the horses and carriages passing over and rolling them in. The roadman did not make the road. He piled stones on it and left them to be forced into a road-surface by the vehicular traffic, wearing out horses' legs and vehicle springs and wheels. When a part of the way began to consolidate, the so-called roadman every morning dragged wooden horses, each consisting of a log and short wooden legs, on to the made parts, so as to compel all drivers to zigzag back and forward over the places where the stones were still unbedded, until they in turn were forced together. It was a weary round, as the small amount of traffic caused the consolidation of the road to take months of time; and as the road-stones got their edges rounded by the protracted crushing they bound badly, so that when a dry spell came they were pushed out to the surface, to act as crushers to break up the surface still more, making the road uncomfortable for man and beast, horses getting a bad foothold and frequently being lamed by stones jamming into the hollow of the hoof. And thus, as the road consolidated only after a long period, it necessarily took in much water below the stones in wet weather; the drying up in summer loosened the surface and made it break up; while in winter frost did terrible havoc, causing infinite mud when the thaw came, and consequently infinite dust when the mud dried up.

For some years before the advent of the motor-vehicle the road-roller had been introduced, to the great saving of horseflesh and coachbuilder's charges.

But the way in which it has been used has not been satisfactory. Being made to run over stones on which a soup of dirt has been poured, it almost never produces a flat road. The roller squeezes up a small ridge in front of it, and when the resistance of the mound increases, the roller rides over it and begins to push up another ridge. The result is that the surface is a series of waves, as may be seen when a road is drying up after rain; showing as it does a succession of dark, damp hollows with dry ridges between—a hopeless condition for a road to be in, for water lying in a road is ruin to its durability.

The advent of the power-vehicle has drawn attention to the road question once more. It has added in a very marked degree to the amount of traffic, the number of vehicles being often five times or even ten times as great as has been the case since the railway carried off the larger portion of the traffic. And as the power is applied direct to the wheels, it is inevitable that if there is a substantial quantity of detritus on the road it will rise more than will be the case where the wheels only roll upon the road and do not press against it, particularly if the speed be higher than has been usual. This is seen in the case of the bicycle, which, small as it is, throws up a long tail of dust in dry weather. Accordingly, the most grievous complaint against the power-vehicle is that it is a bad dust-raiser, and the complaint is one that is reasonable. It must be met, and it will be met. It was most satisfactory to notice at the recent road conference in London how reasonable was the general tone of the discussion, and how it is recognized on all hands that the road has once more assumed a position of paramount importance nationally, socially, and commercially. And equally gratifying was it to hear with what confident

tones the representatives of the road authorities spoke of the possibilities of road improvement, at reasonable expense, by which the dust nuisance could be mitigated—indeed, practically cured—and the road rendered less destructive to vehicles and the engines that move them, whether these engines be animal or mechanical.

But speaking of the subject of dust, it requires to be impressed upon the public that it is quite unreasonable to treat the matter as so many do, as if the discomforts of dust were something novel, created by autocar traffic and unknown in former days. In the time when the roads were in active use by the mail-coach, the post-chaise, and the wagon, the complaints regarding dust were as bitter as they are now. Who has not seen the sporting pictures of the mail-coach "tooling" along with clouds of dust rising from the horses' feet and the wheels? Objection was seriously taken to the introduction of the macadam road-surface because of the quantity of dust that was thrown up by the traffic. Thus we read in the *Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine* of the year 1830: "Doubt has been entertained of the expediency of Mr. Macadam's new system of road-making . . . from the great annoyance felt by the quantity of dust thrown up in those places where the experiment has been tried." So serious was it that when there were about seventy coaches running daily upon the London to Bath road it was found necessary to water the whole road from end to end every day. The pumps set at every two miles to provide the water may be seen standing to this day. This makes it plain that if a road, made as macadam roads have been made for so long, was much used by traffic, dust in serious quantity was the necessary sequel, as is testified by Bob Acres regarding this very Bath road, speaking as he does of a

"tail of dust as long as the Mall." The writer remembers in the fifties arriving in Bâle after a day's drive from Berne in a diligence, his black coat as white all over as the paper this article is written upon, and his face like that of a corpse. Reading lately, he came across the following, which from his experience he might have penned himself. The writer quoted, speaking of a time about seventy-five years ago, moans thus: "Woe to white gowns! Woe to black! Drab was your only wear. If we happened to meet a carriage coming along the middle of the road what a sandy whirlwind it was! What choking! What suffocation! No state could be more pitiable, except indeed that of the travellers who carry their misery about with them. I shall never forget the plight in which I met the coach one evening in last August, steeds and driver, carriage and passengers, all in dust!"

Thus the reason why the dust-problem is once more found demanding solution is not because it is something new, but because the revival of road traffic in a degree unknown for half a century has once more brought it about that a remedy is necessary, as it was found to be necessary on the Bath road eighty or a hundred years ago.

It may be safely said that the remedy has been found, and the only question is how long a time will be required before it has been applied to all our main roads. People only think about dust when they see it and feel it. When there is no dust they do not think about it. But let any one who still looks upon the motor-vehicle as a producer of dust, and not merely a raiser of dust where there is dust ready to be raised, go to the Thames Embankment at the busy hour of the forenoon. If the weather is dry the motor-traffic passing along by hundreds of vehicles in every hour would

throw up dust, the road being laid on the macadam principle with small broken stones. But he will see no dust, although often he will observe six or seven power-vehicles following one another at very short intervals. The motors, if the road was such that the traffic tended to produce dust, would certainly throw it up in clouds. The fact that they do not throw up dust makes it plain that the traffic does not create dust; "argal," as Dogberry would say, a mode of road-making has been found which will rid the public of the dust nuisance.

It would be highly improper to besmirch the pages of *Chambers's Journal* by any allusion to politics; but there can be no harm in saying that it appears probable that very soon the great highways of the country will no longer be treated as mere matters of parochial or even county district concern, but will be looked upon as a general matter of public interest—an object for national and not merely provincial attention. The sooner that day comes the better. Dustless and—what is more important—mudless roads would be worth millions of gold, apart altogether from mere questions of comfort; every horse and every motor can accomplish more work at a cheaper rate if the road is dustless, mudless, and free from pits and ruts. The percentage to be deducted annually for wear and tear from the initial value of haulage animals or machines, and of the vehicles they drag or push along the road, would be substantially diminished if the roads were in proper condition. Accordingly, the expense of haulage would be sensibly diminished, and if the price of haulage is diminished the goods hauled can be sold at a cheaper price or greater profit. He is wealthier than he was who can buy cheaper than he did; and he is wealthier who, being able to haul more cheaply and over greater distances, can

get an extended range of market, and can more easily sell his wares by lowering his prices or can make a better profit by his outlay being lessened. Thus it is not too much to say that good roads over which haulage is easy must spell proportionately increased national wealth, as it is certain that bad roads diminish earnings or eat into them, and so affect financial prosperity.

It would be most important to ascertain what is the effect upon roads of horse-traffic and motor-traffic respectively. At present there are no means available for ascertaining how each affects the road surface, the state of the roads being the result of both modes of haulage combined. On every road both are in daily use, and comparison is not possible. Every motorist will frankly admit that a road which is subjected to the hammering and picking action of draught animals, and to the pressure of narrow-tired iron wheels, will, when motor-traffic is added to horse-traffic, show signs of wear and disintegration in an aggravated form, if the road is not so constructed as to resist the deleterious action of the horse and the horse-drawn vehicle. What the motorist does dispute is the constantly asserted fallacy that motor-traffic is the cause of undue injury to the road apart from the horse-traffic. This dispute should be put an end to by experiment, and the experiment could be easily made. Let a place be selected where there is considerable traffic of both kinds, and where it is possible to make a loop road some two or three hundred yards long, running parallel with an existing road. Let the roads on both sides of the loop be laid down in exactly the same manner, and then cause all the horse-traffic to take one side of the loop and all the mechanical traffic the other side. Both roads would then be inspected from time to time, and the

effect of the traffic upon the surface noted. The result is certain, and would much surprise those who condemn motor-traffic as being destructive to roads. After a few months the arrangement should be reversed, and it would then be seen how the horse-traffic had so injured the road that the motor-traffic would complete the destruction, while the horse-traffic being turned on to the side of the loop that had been used for motor-traffic would soon pick into it with the hoofs, and crush into it with the narrow iron wheels. It is sincerely to be hoped that such an experiment may be tried. The result is not doubtful, and would tend to inform the public mind and prepare the way for effective road improvement. It would also convince all whom it may concern that as the motor supersedes the horse more and more, so will the expense of upkeep of roads diminish. The comforts of a road without dusty holes in dry weather and muddy puddles in wet weather will make the road more and more a place of pleasure where often it is a place of annoyance and discomfort.

It will not be cause for surprise if many a reader should smile at such words as the above which speak of the motor "superseding the horse more and more." There are probably few in the community to whom such an idea will not seem absurd. People are slow to realize what is passing before their eyes day by day. There are even many who still think that the use of the power-vehicle is a thing of pastime only—a passing craze like ping-pong or diabolo, and will soon come to an end. A gentleman of intelligence and much human experience was heard only a few months ago to say with a serious face—as if stating what must be accepted implicitly—that "in another ten years there would not be half the number of motor-cars on the road

that there are now;" and in so speaking he must have voiced the belief of many thousands who either have no observation of what is passing around them, or who, seeing, do not see, because their understanding is darkened.

Not only such people, but also the great mass of the community, will be astonished at the facts now to be stated, and for the accuracy of which the writer can vouch. First, it has long been true that everywhere throughout the land, whether in town or country, the number of private power-vehicles upon the road is largely in excess of the number of private horse-vehicles, and this in an increasing proportion month by month and year by year. It is equally true that in London the motor-cab is crushing the hansom-cab out of existence. A hansom-cab can be bought to-day for twenty shillings(!) and Lord Rosebery has been moved to promote a fund for relieving the distress and providing for the training of those hansom-cabmen who are not too old to learn how to drive the horseless vehicle. That fund was not started a moment too soon, as the latest statistics presently to be given will show.

In the former article the last words were as quoted above: "The question of power locomotion is already finally settled." But, as has been said already, there are some people—indeed, not a few—to whom this has not yet come home, and to whom it will only come home, to use Mrs. Browning's words, "by reiteration chiefly." But fortunately in this case the reiteration of the statement can be made telling by the increased power of the facts; and some of these facts shall now be brought to notice.

The writer remembers well how, before 1900, being much interested in mechanical traction he used to be elated when he could count six motor-vehicles in one day in London, and an

occasional figure of five or four only was disappointing. Two or three years later he began to note the motor-carriages and the horse-carriages, and was much pleased when the former reached a figure equal to or over one-third of the latter. The following year it took one-half to content him. In two or three years more an equality sometimes gave delight. Then came majorities gradually increasing until there was not contentment with less than double, and three to one gave elation. Now three to one is, in its turn, merely what is to be expected, and four to one not uncommon. The following are the results of some comparative tests made in April of the present year on the Thames Embankment for an hour at a time:

	Private Motors	Private Carriages	Taxicabs	Hansoms
April 5	181	52	186	44
April 6	169	37	217	41
April 7	144	40	259	59
April 19	180	50	179	57
April 20	200	57	316	34
Totals	874	236	1157	235

Thus there were 2031 motor-vehicles passing along the Embankment, as against 471 horsed-vehicles, or considerably more than four to one. The percentages of the two classes are remarkable. It adds to the significance of these figures when the fact is noted that they were taken at the go-to-business hour—9.30 A.M. to 10.30 A.M.—and therefore they indicate how mistaken is the idea still so firmly fixed in the minds of many that the autocar is nothing but a luxury-vehicle of the idle pleasure-seeker. Practically the whole of these vehicles were conveying business men to the great centre of business of the land—the City of London.

It was thought that something instructive might be learned by testing the traffic at such a place as the junction of the bottom of the Haymarket.

And this was done between twelve and one o'clock on the 19th of April. The test first made was confined to passenger-conveying carriages—private carriages, omnibuses, and cabs. The result was: motor passenger-vehicles, 763; horse passenger-vehicles, 260. Another test was made at the same place, in which all motor-vehicles, whether carrying passengers or not, were counted as against all similar horsed-vehicles moving at more than a walking pace. The numbers were: motor-vehicles, 887; horse-trotting vehicles, 639. These results were so striking that a still further test was made, the motor-vehicles being pitted against *all* horsed-vehicles, including carts and lorries moving at a walking pace. The result of the first test for an hour was: all motors, 894; all horsed-vehicles, 865. It was matter of great surprise, when the figures were made up, to find that even on such an absolute test of motor against horse there was a majority for the mechanical vehicle. It seemed astonishing that to-day, nine years from the time when the start of about seventy motor-vehicles for the thousand miles' trial was an exciting event, gathering crowds at eight o'clock in the morning, the public should be looking on at the London traffic without surprise, when already the number of power-vehicles has become practically equal to the whole animal-traffic at the busy hours of the day. It was, therefore, thought well to make some further and more extended tests. Accordingly, on three separate occasions the numbers were tested over long distances and at all hours of the business day, the routes including the whole length of the Thames Embankment from Charing Cross to Blackfriars Bridge and by Haymarket and Piccadilly to the top of Sloane Street. The figures when they were added up brought out conclusively that the first test had been

accurately conducted, and that it is the fact that the motor-vehicle has been steadily and rapidly displacing the horsed-vehicle, until to-day there are at least as many power-vehicles passing any given point in busy London as there are horsed-vehicles of every class, including those which move at only three miles an hour.

The following are the figures:

	Motor- Vehicles	Horsed- Vehicles
First Test	1345	1334
Second Test	1095	1096
Third Test	2563	2558
	5003	4988

Thus, putting the whole together, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-one were seen, and so near were the numbers each time that on the first occasion the motors were in a majority of eleven, on the second occasion the horsed-vehicles were in a majority of one, and on the third occasion the motors were in a majority of five; the majority of the motors on the three occasions taken together being fifteen on a total number of nearly ten thousand! These facts are the more remarkable, seeing that the number of commercial motor-vehicles is still inconsiderable, being on the three occasions only fifty-seven in all, and for that reason the motor-vehicles could only be in a majority by the passenger motor-vehicles being so largely in excess that they practically equalled the horsed-vehicles of all classes.

It may be said with assurance that if any one had expressed himself on the morning of the start of the one thousand miles' trial to the effect that in nine years the motor-vehicle would in London be a practical rival to the horsed-vehicle, by the number of the motor-vehicles being brought to equal those drawn by animal power, he would have been laughed at as a hare-brained enthusiast. It may be doubt-

ful if even the most sanguine of those who rode out on that long journey harbored any such idea in his mind. But surely such facts as these must bring it home to the most obstinate opponent that mere obstructive tactics are not only useless but foolish, and that he must make up his mind to accept the inevitable and had better accept it with a good grace. One thing is quite certain, that motor traffic is now looked upon by the general public as a thing of course. No one can stand for a few moments at a busy corner in any great city without having the demonstration before his eyes that the traffic is—in itself and as generally conducted—not a cause of alarm to the foot-passenger, and no more dangerous than any other traffic; while, on the other hand, the more the power-vehicle displaces the horsed-vehicle the fewer will be the delays and blocks of traffic at busy hours. Let any corner-superintending constable be interrogated on the subject, and he will say unhesitatingly that when cross-traffic has been stopped to clear what was being detained in the cross-road, the way is cleared on resumption in half the time that used to be the case when only horsed-vehicles occupied the streets.

As it has thus become certain that the power-vehicle will in a year or two attain an absolutely predominant position, it becomes all the more clear that whatever is necessary to be done to make the road suitable for that traffic must be done, and must be done at once. It is, therefore, the more satisfactory to know that this matter is being taken up vigorously by the road authorities throughout the country. The necessity for a central authority to control the management of the main roads of the country is now practically recognized, and it is satisfactory to know that the road-money to be provided by the new taxes on motors and

petrol will not be frittered away parochially, but will be applied imperially for the general good under the highest skilled advice.

We may, therefore, look forward to efficient roads carrying an efficient passenger and goods traffic in the near future, and that such a development will conduce much to the national welfare there can be no doubt. Good roads and speedy conveyance are aids to national wealth that are not to be despised. The advent of the power-vehicle will force on the construction and maintenance of the one and will sup-

Chambers's Journal.

ply the other. Those who have been votaries of the new traction from the first have had to bear much obloquy during past years, partly undeserved, partly deserved because of the misconduct of some. They can forget all that in realizing that already mechanical traction is becoming a normal and regular phase of road use, and they feel that they are not too sanguine in believing that its advantages for the good of the community are being gradually appreciated, so that it is becoming the dominant factor once and for all of road transit.

THE GREEN DOOR.

This story is as pretty as it is sad, and as sad as it is happy, and by the time you have mastered that paradoxical saying you will be quite ready to hear all about the Green Door.

I cannot tell you *all* about it—the history is too long and too intimate, and not even the Green Door itself could be brought to divulge all the secrets and the passionate vows to love for ever which have been whispered within its shadow.

Nevertheless the part about the Rector of West Mendip and Mary Wethered is what I say—pretty and sad and happy.

You shall judge for yourselves.

It began long before the Rector was made rector of anywhere, before even he was ordained, and Mary Wethered in those days had no streaks of gray in her curly hair. Neither was she, perhaps, as beautiful, although her face was unlined and smooth, and her eyes shone only with the radiance of youth and not the steady flame of a tried and matured soul.

Nevertheless, the story began with inexperience and youth—lovers' meeting and parting—and that brings us

to Mary's gray hairs and the thin, ascetic figure of the Rector.

The intervening years are not so long to look back upon as they took to pass.

"Is it a green or a black door?"

Amy the dwarf looked up with a slow smile at the questioner's ignorance.

"'Tis a green door!" she said with a grin; "'tis allays called the green door."

"It looks black," said Mary Wethered.

"'Tid'n, then; 'tis green! 'Tis a'most like moss when the zun shines on 'en."

"I've never seen the sun shine on it," said Mary Wethered.

"Huh! you haven't been here long enough. There's days," Amy swept her arm in a comprehensive circle, "when the zun do start frolicsome like up there beyond the church, and come round with the wind and strike full against the green door. Us do get some o' they days in January to times, but they're most certain to begin after the day o' Valentine; *not o' nights tho'.*" Amy rocked herself to and fro in grotesque, inaudible mirth.

"Why?" said Mary curiously.

"That 'ud be tellin'," said Amy mysteriously.

"Yes?" said Mary.

Nonplussed, Amy looked up at her sideways. "'Tis at the green door," she said, "that they do all meet!"

"Who are 'they'?"

"Why, all the courting couples," said Amy. "You can see them in the day-time often enough, but then they're single: 'tis a maid at that end," her finger pointed past the quadrangle enclosing the village on up the slope of highroad leading to the blacksmith's shop, "and a man down here," she nodded her head at the door; "but when the sun do cease shinin' on the green door," she smiled a little wistful smile of pleasure, "and the night do fall down peaceful, they meet close to it fast enough, and then they do wander off down one o' the lanes."

"I see," said Mary reflectively.

She looked up at the doorway, in front of which they sat on the pile of stones marking the cross roads.

"But what is the door really there for? Where does it lead?"

"Up to the Rect'ry," said Amy indifferently. "'Tis the Rector's private entrance. I ha'in't never been through ut, but Mary Simonds what lived to the Rector as parlor-maid told me there was another door and a long stately avenue of trees up above a little path; so I thought I'd look and see. 'Tisn't much of it," she said discontentedly.

"How did you manage to see?" said Mary with amusement. Into her mind there sprang with the question the memory of the gaunt and grim gray stone house standing like a barracks on a little eminence among the pine-trees, which was visible from the opposite side.

No view there of a noble avenue of trees, and she looked upward at the

high stone wall—no opportunity here either of seeing.

"How did you manage to see?" she repeated.

"I scrambled to the top of the wall; round there by the school-house ut do sort of hang over, and you can come out on the top—you couldn't, of course," eyeing the town lady's attenuated form with scorn, "but I did."

"And what did you see?" said Mary.

"A thin windy path, some gurt beech-trees and primroses, and another little green door, and something else too," and her voice dropped to the mysterious.

In her week's stay in West Mendip Mary had learned the way to manage the girl with whom she talked: now she said nothing, just stayed with inquiring, candid eyes on her face.

"I stayed up there until evenin'," said Amy, "when I saw the Rector come down; he walks exactly,"—she rose lumberingly from her seat and marched along the bit of road, holding up an imaginary cassock from before nervous, hurried feet, and mincing from side to side in an exaggeration of a walk Mary had once known,— "exactly," she went on, "like Mary Ann Bridport when she goes round with the tracts. He didn't know I seed un," she added darlingsly.

"I should think not," Mary said severely.

She, too, rose from her pile of stones and turned to walk down the village street. Interest had suddenly gone from the conversation for her, a little pin-prick of memory—the unconscious reminiscence, she told herself, of what had once been engraved so indelibly on her heart—had whitened her cheek and darkened her eyes. When she reached the cottage where she lodged, her landlady met her with a concerned face.

"Amy, what have you bin doin' with Miss Wethered? Her do look com-

pletely worn out. Now then, Miss, what will 'ee have to take?"

She bustled into the sitting-room after her lodger, and saw her comfortably settled in a big arm-chair.

"The wind's nippy yet," she said, "you ought never to have gone out; you must wait till the zun do come."

Mary smiled.

"Amy tells me it is certain to be out after February 14th; it shines then on the green door. I've been teasing her—telling her 'twas black."

A spot of color burnt on Mrs. Shore's cheeks.

"'Tis green, right enough," she said seriously. "I mind when 'twere painted, 'bout three years back; the Rector's mighty partic'lar 'bout havin' his place kep' in order."

"What is his name?" said Mary.

"Lor, Miss! you bin here a week an' never 'eard that? Mr. Holmes we do call 'un—the Rey. Jonathan Holmes."

She rolled the full title round her tongue with unction.

"Not a very ordinary name," said Mary, with a little gasp.

"No, Miss, he b'aint an ordinary man neither—very kind and pitiful and lovin' to all young folks and children, but just a hater, Miss, of women! I zed to un' once,—he did come and stand inside so friendly-like when Amy hurt her foot, inquiring for her, tho' Libby she's his fav'rite, as you might say,—I zed to un': 'Mr. Holmes,' I zed, 'Amy and Libby they'll be growin' up one of these days, and what'll you do then, zur? Be you goin' to drop 'em like a hot coal?' He didn't say much, you know, Miss; just wrinkled up his eyes and kind o' laughed, and then he said politely, 'No need to talk about that yet, Mrs. Shore. Good day!' An' 'e went shakin' off down the road laughin'."

"He still has that funny, shaky walk, then," said Mary.

The next instant she could have bit-

ten out her tongue for using that word "still," but Mrs. Shore passed it unnoticed.

"He do tremble when he's movin', Miss, like as if his feet was hung on wires; spite o' that, he's a fine, up-standin' gentleman."

Mrs. Shore withdrew, and Mary was left by herself. She noticed, half unconsciously, yet with that intensity with which one does notice minor details in any time of stress, that the under part of the currant-bushes in the little garden was covered with green lichen, while the tops pointed upward with a certain gallant erectness, as if preparing for the coming of spring.

The carrier's cart went lumbering by on the turnpike-road, and after it the sound of a bicycle-bell, muffled on the misty, dank air, was carried to her faintly.

On other days, with the delightful and petty curiosity to which she had given herself up on first coming to West Mendip, she would have gone to the little window and looked down the road to see the rider, but now the sound drew her back to the thoughts she had unconsciously evaded.

She had come in sanctuary from the first stages of a mortal illness to the very village over which her old lover was spiritual president. She had half guessed it in that moment when Amy had imitated the Rector's walk, but who would have imagined that Jonathan would end his days in a house of the appearance of Rectory!

In the old days they had planned either a city living—a house outwardly gloomy and grimy, within full of color and delight—or some sweet old rectory away in the country, under the brow of a hill swept by gentle winds, covered with creepers colored by the sun. No great, grim house on a wind-swept hill-top.

She sighed: perhaps here he had merged their two ideals—gloom with-

out, gaiety within. Then she remembered that, although his eyes still twinkled, Jonathan hated women.

The road glimmered white in the moonlight, threading upward like a ribbon to the green door. Here and there the shrubs outside a cottage threw a black and purple patch of shadow on to the road. Mary's eyes sought hungrily for these darkened patches. When she came to them she paused and walked slowly, then sped onward, a frill, black-garbed shadow herself, through the moonlight. She walked quickly, passing the green door almost at a run, but with heightened senses she was aware of a blotch of deeper darkness within its overhanging shadow. Some village lovers already occupied its friendly shade. She walked on and on down the winding lane, her heart beating quickly, but not more quickly than it had beaten all the afternoon, as her darling plan had been thought of, deliberated, resolved upon. When she retraced her steps, her light and delicate footsteps ringing out with a subtle difference from those of other wayfarers, the lovers near the green door shrank back breathlessly, then once more continued their low-toned conversation as she passed from sight and mind. Perhaps the ears of love are slightly deafened; had the two listened they would have known that she had paused just twenty yards beyond them and walked on tiptoe to the bit of wall of which Amy had spoken.

It overhung the corner by the school-house, and somewhere Amy had said she had climbed it. What had been done could be done again. Mary searched anxiously for some foothold in the wall, and finding a loosened stone commenced the ascent with intrepid courage. When she reached the top, breathless, more bruised and

ered possible, she sat still for an instant and looked with troubled eyes down the road. Light gleamed from the windows. A man crossed the green carrying buckets of water. One of them clinked against the hard ground as he put it down to talk to a friend. The oilman's voice, loud and raucous, filled the neighborhood with noise as he advertised his wares. But up here all was quiet. Mary realized that in the shade of the trees, uncovered now and bare, but still drooping over the top of the wall on which she sat, she could not be seen. She drew a long breath of relief and looked about her with interest. A few yards away on her right the wall ended in the green door which had had so much to do with village history. Beneath her a broad path, little more than a path, but yet giving the impression somehow of stateliness and dignity, ran up a gentle slope between the trees that sheltered her to another wall. She could see nothing but that, and the roof-tops of the Rectory. Beyond the wall she could imagine trim lawns, sloping banks, flower-beds, empty now, but in the spring filled to overflowing. Around the house a low veranda perhaps, on to which uncurtained windows threw a ruddy light, but none of this could she see. Now that she was on the top of the wall she almost repented her temerity; and then suddenly the church bells rang out. What for? She had been in West Mendip less than a week, she did not know if the bell-ringers were practising or ringing for a week-night service. She huddled herself a little closer together trying to keep the wind from her chest. And as she did so she was aware of another sound,—a rasping and scraping and grinding in the wall beneath her feet. Some one else was coming up, that was certain. It was equally certain that it was impossible for her to hide. She turned apprehensive eyes

upon the determined face of Amy the dwarf.

"I zee'd you," said Amy briefly, and she too huddled down watching beside her mother's lodger.

Mary regarded her coolly. Of course in an unenviable position it was well she was ready to take the upper hand.

"Why did you follow me?" she said.

"Because I thought you'd fall off," said Amy.

But Mary probed the inconsistency of the speech with sharpness.

"That was not the reason," she said; "you wanted to know why I came. Well, I came to watch, to see what you saw."

"Hush!" said Amy.

What appeared to be a hole in the wall at the other end opened. Mary saw now that it was a door, that second green door of which Amy had spoken; and for a moment she had a glimpse of those things which she had imagined,—lighted windows, sloping lawns. Then the light was half obstructed; some one had passed through the aperture, once more the door was shut. The moonlight fell here with a patch of brilliancy, there was obstructed by shadow. The thin and erect form of the Rector passed with the same old walk,—the walk which brought hysterical tears and laughter to Mary's eyes and throat, so pregnant was it with memory,—around the curve and out through the other green door.

"See!" said Amy in a whisper, touching her arm. "They heard him coming and now they've moved."

And she pointed with a little pleased smile to two figures walking decorously a yard apart in the centre of the highroad. The Rector's voice rang out in a ringing salute as he hurried on and into the church.

"Is he going there for a service?" Mary asked.

Amy shook her head.

"No, 'tis practice night. He goes up every now and then to hear the choir sing, but he don't stay long. He'll soon be back."

She settled herself more comfortably on the wall. The minutes passed by interminably. The oilman had moved away from the village, and the lights from his cart shone from the turnpike above the blacksmith's shop. The church windows glowed with a pale light, but the lamp above the gateway was not lighted. It was impossible to tell at what moment the Rector's figure emerged from beneath it. After two or three false alarms Mary saw him come slowly back again. He passed through the green door and went back the way he had come. But this time he did not shut the second green door behind him.

"Rector must be comin' back again," commented Amy in surprise, and in that hope they waited, Mary holding her breath. A strange sense of expectation possessed her. She told herself that it was absurd; was it unlikely that she who had known Jonathan so well in his youth should misinterpret him in old age? He was going to do something secretive, something about which he felt a strange sense of guiltiness. She knew it by the hump in his shoulders. And, in the meantime, waiting for him, she tried to get Amy to climb down. But the little dwarf's affection was real, and curiosity her ruling passion.

"I bairn't a-goin' unless you be goin' too," she said.

And so together, silent as before, they watched the Rector's return. Then for an instant after he shut the door they lost him. With an acute sense of disappointment Mary thought he had shut the door from the inside, but in another moment she saw him moving like a creeping shadow on the grass.

For some reason he did not wish his footsteps heard, but with all her knowledge it was Amy who first arrived at the realization of his purpose.

She spoke harshly under her breath, jumping up and down on the wall in her excitement.

"He be goin' to listen!" she said incredulously.

And very truly, the Rector had waited silent behind the green door. Amy became almost unmanageable.

"They must be there again, and he'll hear what they do say."

"But he'll never tell," said Mary tranquilly.

She wondered, listening to her own voice, that it was not choked by pity. Instantaneously with Amy's ejaculation there had risen to her mind a comprehension of his action, ungentlemanly, dishonorable, indefensible to all except herself—who *knew*.

Amy kept up an excited muttering beneath her breath, watching with intensity the fine head, silver-white in the moonlight, bent in the attitude of a listener on one side of the door.

"That," she said scornfully, "is how he always knows so much about it. Never a couple do go to him about having the banns put up but what he can tell 'em a main sight about the courting. He do know what nights they be out on and for how long they do meet, and once he said to John Smalley—what's his gardener—as how when 'twere raining he'd better bring Meg in and talk to her in the house-keeper's room. Did flabbergast John so much as after that he never went out with Meg no more, because he thought as she'd been telling as how she did go out with him. I do reckon," she added fiercely, "as the Rector be a mean man!"

Mary scarcely heard her. She was in a whirl of pity. If Jonathan couldn't marry her, why had he not

married someone else and not left himself to sadness and gloom, dependent upon the simple courtship of simple people to assuage the aching of his own heart. Did he carry the memory of the words he heard back to his quiet study, as she had carried the knowledge of other people's happiness through all these years of separation? Was that why he loved children and young folks, and hated women, to quote Mrs. Shore, thinking by hating in the abstract to continue his scorn of her; mysteriously torn from him by irate guardians in her early youth; and by loving children and young people disproving in action what had never been more than theory. Jonathan *hating*? She watched him creep back across the grass, after the departure of the unobserved lovers, with a tender little smile.

Whimsical or austere, he was her Jonathan still. She descended the wall with an intrepidity and imperviousness to bruises which won even Amy's admiration, and walked with her chattering and laughing back to the cottage door, enjoining by her manner secrecy as to her part in the evening's performance, a secrecy with regard to her which Amy loyally kept. But she placed no restriction on herself.

And so it came about that in a week's time the green door was deserted. Little was said in the village, the law of rustic courtship is secrecy, and if that secrecy in regard to trivialities partakes of the action of the ostrich hiding his head in the sand, this is not the case in matters of real importance. Amy the dwarf went from one couple to another with her words of warning, full of a stern indignation against the Rector and of a seething sense of her own importance. She retailed, not without embellishments, her adventure on the wall, and

practised the characteristic walk of the Rector so often for their benefit that her own gait began to take on a semblance to it which sent a little stab through Mary's heart, unconscious as she was of the cause.

For her the days of that week went by in happiness. The evening on the Rectory wall had not been without its effect upon her health, and she kept to her room in the little cottage in suffering for which the thought of Jonathan's action was a perpetual anodyne.

What to any other person of his own class would have been dishonorable and unintelligible, from her found an understanding at once whimsical and tender. Her reasoning, moreover, was correct in this. What Jonathan had desired from his eavesdropping was knowledge of other people's happiness, and through the heavy wood of the green door he could have heard nothing more definite than a low and inarticulate murmur of happy lovers. Looking into her own heart, Mary could gauge accurately his need of this; to a fine nature—not invariably the strongest—the knowledge of the happiness of others is some solace for what in one's own life has been missed. Also, and here lay the core of her content, the shadow, if not the substance, of their early love still remained with Jonathan; if he disliked women, he loved children—he was yet in love with loving. Some of the youthfulness came back to Mary's face with her smile as she remembered that he had once—ah! did he not still?—loved her!

In the midst of these happy dreamings, these subtle definitions, she became vaguely troubled by the demeanor of Amy the dwarf. The girl seemed to be filled with some secret excitement, and at last she spoke of it.

"They don't stand no more by th' green door," she said.

Mary raised her hand involuntarily to her heart.

"Why don't they?"

"Do'ee think as they 'ould, an' th' Rector listenln' to all their pretty talk?"

"But he could not hear what they said through the door, he would only be able to hear their voices," Mary explained, a pink flush on her cheek.

Amy looked at her for a moment, aghast that she should champion the Rector after she had herself viewed his indefensible action; then she embodied the lovers' philosophy in a single sentence.

"They do like to vancy as they be lonesome like, together!"

"I suppose they do," said Mary with a sigh.

She sat over the fire for some time, thinking. The aspect of the room—the round table, the glaring oleographs, the hearthrug made of brightly colored pieces, the uncomfortable couch covered in American leather—suddenly became intolerable. She rose to her feet with some of the impetuosity of her girlhood, and the sudden action tightened her lips in pain. A little furrow appeared across the smooth whiteness of her forehead, the look of calm which had come to be almost a radiance in her face was dimmed. She crept upstairs and hurried into her outdoor garments.

As she walked through the village she remembered Amy's prophecy of sunny days in February, and her heart—full of an intangible sorrow borne of her loneliness, her physical weakness, and the stab of pain which had shot through her heart at the thought that Jonathan had lost his pleasure, how sweet and innocent she alone could know—regained some of its wonted serenity; she smiled to herself, realizing the symptoms of the cessation of heaviness. "I must be like an indiarubber ball," she said ruefully,

"whatever happens I always come up smiling." She smiled whimsically at the phrase she had used, then her eyes widened at the scene before her, and she drew a sudden, short breath of ecstasy. As she talked to herself she had walked onward quickly and reached the brow of the hill where the highroad swept backward past the church and the smithy; and now she stood looking down on the village. It had always pleased her sense of the picturesque; now—every roof glittering in the watery gleam of sunshine which shed its radiance upon the rime of hoar-frost covering them—it allured her by its perfect beauty. Beyond the village the road ran downward steeply to Echo Valley and the woods fringing it; the high and overhanging peaks of the Mendips, the road winding onward through the pass, edged by low, scrubby bushes, all shone with a fairy-like and crystalline glory around the gloom of the valley entrance itself. Mary stood regarding it for a moment, poised as it were upon wonder, then she walked swiftly along the highroad towards the Rectory.

What drew her this way she did not know; she was buoyed up by a hopefulness which had somehow entered her heart together with the sight of the beauty of nature. As she walked she made resolutions of sterling simplicity: she would go out every day, however ill she felt; she would not be disheartened over anything—and "anything" was a secret and hushed way of saying "Jonathan." She was smiling to herself again over the realization of this, when she saw him coming towards her.

Afterwards she supposed that she had appeared as self-possessed as usual as she passed him, returning the courtesy of his raised hat—he knew her as a strange lady staying in his parish—with a slight and gracious bow; but how had she done it, she

wondered, when her whole being had besought her to make herself known to him. Ought he not, she asked herself passionately, to have recognized her.

In the night Mary sat up in bed, a curious lightness at her heart.

The misery which had followed her ever since meeting Jonathan left her with inexplicable suddenness. Before her mental vision a picture had arisen, and she gazed at it for a long time before she realized its full meaning.

She thought that once more she saw the green door, and she was so placed that she could see on either side of it. Within, his ascetic face and silvery hair lighted by the moon which shone full upon him, Jonathan stood in the attitude of listening, his ear pressed to the panels of the door. On the other side, crushed against the woodwork, another solitary figure waited. For a time Mary could not be sure if it was a woman, or if some village lad had come to this spot to await his sweetheart; the only thing of which she was certain was that there was only one figure on the hither side of the door, and that figure was in shadow. She passed her hand uncertainly across her eyes, wondering if the fault was in them, and with the action she saw more clearly. Why had she not realized it before? Why of course, the figure was herself!

From under the sheltering shadow of the hedge, heedless of wet feet and chattering teeth, Mary watched the lovers of the village walk indifferently along the highroad and past the green door, on into the blissful shadow of the lane in which she stood. The church bells rang loudly, and as on that evening when she had climbed the Rectory wall, the green door swung open and the Rector stepped out and walked briskly, his cassock wrapped around

his feet by the playful breeze, to the church.

Mary's breath came fluttering from between her lips, she shrank back farther into the hedge, her eyes glued to the little gate through which he would return. Once more questioning filled her mind. Was she too late with this idea? Had Jonathan been to the green door so often in the past ten days that he had grown tired of waiting for the lovers who never came? Or would he creep down, just once again, to listen wistfully for their words of love? She prayed—her whole being in the prayer—that he might do so.

At least, she would act upon that possibility; as the Rector passed once more through the green door she glided across the road and flattened herself into the wall-space where so many lovers had stood, then holding her breath, she waited.

It was not a particularly dark night for the country, no moon was shining, but a few stars shed a clear reflection of light on to the muddy and glistening road. Mary's eyes had become accustomed to the gloom during her stay under the hedge in the lane, and she scanned the road for sight of any travellers, but none were visible: drawing a deep breath, she leant against the door and began an ardent whispering.

As she spoke she became sure that Jonathan was on the other side of the door, and the knowledge sent a thrill of happiness through her. She forgot that she acted the part of village lover, forgot that others might pass and hear her, forgot everything but the fact that Jonathan, her Jonathan, was close to her, separated from her only by the boarding of the green door. The years rolled back, the voice that had been enfeebled by pain was strengthened by love and self-forgetfulness. "Dearest, dearest," she cried, with an odd little break in her voice, "you must not be lonely any more, I

have never forgotten, I have always, always loved you."

Some things she said she dropped her voice over; the faint murmur only, adding semblance to the part she had set out to play, reached the Rector as he crouched, his ear to the key-hole, his whole slender body trembling. For him also the years had rolled back, the chill breath of winter wafted to him the perfumes of spring, he saw the face of his Mary, young, ardent, tear-stained, as she vowed to him that she would never forget him. He sighed, a long tremulous sigh; then he stifled it hurriedly, remembering where he stood, and as the voice on the other side of the partition rose higher in simpler, sweeter pleading, a spasm of pain—almost of anger—passed over his face. Who was this village girl who dared to speak with the voice of his Mary? A sudden, desperate need to know, to be able to distinguish her from amongst the crowd of village girls, strengthened his trembling limbs. He drew himself up to his full height, placed his hands upon the top of the high wall, and silently, stealthily, with an agility reborn in him from the days of his youth, drew himself up until he could look downward at the figures in the doorway.

Figures? There was only one! His eyes clouded mistily: was there some one here in the village, where all seemed serenity and peace and happiness,—his gaze sought the cottage homes he had so often envied,—who knew the sorrow of parting and of loneliness? He peered yet more closely at the woman standing alone where so many happy lovers had stood. Surely she was a lady? The truth was beating clamorously at his brain, but he dared not let it in. Ah! he knew now, this was the stranger-lady who was lodging at Mrs. Shore's. They said she was ill and had not very long to live, poor soul, poor soul.

"Dearest, I love you so, I have never forgotten you, Jonathan"—wavering, uncertain, now weak, now strong, the voice rose to him with the little catch in it that had been Mary's. The Rector's long thin body slipped lithely from the wall, he paused an instant.

Blackwood's Magazine.

trembling, his ear once more against the keyhole; then his brain swung to certainty, paused on realization.

With the gesture of a younger Jonathan he stooped, fumbled with the lock, and swiftly, silently, threw open the green door.

Marguerite Curtis.

EDINBURGH IN THE TIME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Not London, but Edinburgh, at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, from the death of Dr. Johnson in 1784 to that of Sir Walter Scott in 1832, was the intellectual centre of the kingdom. It could hardly be otherwise, for living at that time in the Scottish capital were Robertson, the historian; Hugh Blair, John Horne, the author of "Douglas"; Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling"; John Leyden; Dugald Stewart; and John Wilson, the grand old Christopher North. Frequently there—indeed, spending important portions of their lives there—were Adam Smith, Thomas Campbell, Lady Nairne, Thomas DeQuincey, Sir James Macintosh, and Sydney Smith. Then there were the publishers, the Ballantynes, the Constables, the Blackwoods. The influence of the *Edinburgh Review* in the day of countless publications can hardly be realized, and John Gibson Lockhart, a Scotsman and son-in-law of Sir Walter, was editor of its great rival in London, *The Quarterly*. Edinburgh was a national metropolis. Its society was distinctly Scottish. The judges were men of great intellectual force. Lord Hailes, the antagonist of Gibbon, and Lord Monboddo, who in some sense anticipated a discovery of Mr. Darwin, lived on to the close of the eighteenth century; and in the early nineteenth their reputation was sustained by Lord Woodhouselee, Lord Jeffrey, and Lord Cockburn. Other of the judges were notable for force of

character, like Lord Braxfield, now familiar as "Weir of Hermiston," or for mere eccentricity, like Lord Eskgrove, one of the strangest beings who ever added to the gaiety of mankind.

And the centre of this remarkable society was Sir Walter Scott, great as a poet, great as a novelist, great as a man—

"O great and gallant Scott!

True gentleman, heart, blood, and bone,

I would it had been my lot

To have seen thee and heard thee and known."

My description of Edinburgh and its people in the time of Scott will be no detailed or consecutive one. I just take facts as I come across them in Mr. Fyfe's excellent and interesting book.

Coachbuilding had become one of the most important industries of Edinburgh. Paris was once reputed to have been the place to order your carriage from. Now Edinburgh became the vogue. It is said that about 1783 a coachbuilder there received an order from Paris for one thousand coaches. And in the city itself the number of four-wheeled carriages increased from 396 to 1,268. Drapers' shops and hairdressers vastly increased in numbers. Oyster-cellars became numerous, and people of fashion used to hold their private dances there. Umbrellas were beginning to be seen in the streets. Scott went to school in clumsy shoes

made to be used for either foot, each requiring to be used on alternate feet daily. With these on his feet he was taught at the High School by Dr. Adams, whose last words we can never forget: "But it grows dark—the boys may dismiss"; and where he wrote his first verse, carefully kept by his mother, docketed "My Walter's first lines, 1782."

Thereafter he went to the University, and was taught among others by Mr. Hill, whose Latin class was "the rowdies" in the University, and by Professor Dalziel, Clerk to the General Assembly and Professor of Greek, whom Sydney Smith declared he heard one dark night muttering to himself in the street: "If it had not been for that confounded Solemn League and Covenant, we would have made as good longs and shorts as the Episcopalianians." Also by Dugald Stewart, in whose very spitting Lord Cockburn is alleged to have said there was eloquence, and whose lectures were "like the openings of the heavens."

Scott would attend as a young man, though his lameness kept him from dancing, the fashionable assemblies in George Square, "and here were the last remains of the ball-room discipline of the preceding age. Martinet dowagers and venerable beaux acted as masters and mistresses of ceremonies, and made all the preliminary arrangements. No couple could dance unless each party was provided with a ticket prescribing the precise place in the precise dance. If there was no ticket, the gentleman or the lady was dealt with as an intruder and turned out of the dance. If the ticket had marked upon it, say, for a country dance, the figures 3, 5, this meant that the holder was to place himself in the third dance and fifth from the top; and if he was anywhere else he was set right or excluded. And the partner's ticket

must correspond. Woe to the girl who with a ticket, 2, 7, was found opposite a youth marked 5, 9. It was flirting without a license and looked very ill, and would probably be reported by the ticket director of that dance to the mother. Of course parties or parents who wished to secure dancing for themselves or those they had charge of provided themselves with correct and corresponding vouchers before the ball day arrived. This could only be accomplished through a director; and the election of a Pope sometimes requires less jobbing. . . . Tea was sipped in side-rooms, and he was a careless beau who did not present his partner with an orange at the end of each dance; and the orange and the tea, like everything else, were under exact and positive regulations.

"The prevailing dinner-hour was about three o'clock. Two o'clock was quite common, if there was no company. Hence it was no great hardship to dine on Sunday between sermons—between one and two o'clock. The hour in time, Lord Cockburn tells us, but not without groans and predilections, became four, at which it stuck for several years. Then it got to five, which, however, was thought positively revolutionary; and four was long and gallantly adhered to by the haters of change as the 'good old hour.' At last even they were obliged to give in. But they only yielded inch by inch, and made a desperate stand at half-past four. Even five, however, triumphed and continued the average polite hour from (I think) about 1806 or 1807 till about 1820. Six has at last prevailed, and half an hour later is not unusual. As yet though this is the furthest stretch of London imitation. . . . Thus within my memory, the hour has ranged from two to half-past six o'clock; and a stand has been regularly made at the end of every half-hour against each encroachment; and

always on the same grounds—dislike of change and jealousy of finery."

Mr. Oldbuck, of Monkbarrow, it will be remembered, who flourished *circa* 1804, invited his guests to the famous cenobitical symposium *at four o'clock precisely*. It may be presumed that the Antiquary in this matter, however, lingered a little in the rear of the fashion. The dishes at the symposium comprehended many savory specimens of Scottish viands now disused at the tables of those who affect elegance—hotch-potch, 'the relishing Solan goose,' fish and sauce, crappet-heads, and chicken pie. The Antiquary's beverage was port, a wine highly approved of by the clerical friend, who ably disposed of the relics of the feast intended for the worthy host's supper.

The ladies went into dinner by themselves in a regular row, according to the ordinary rules of precedence, and waited, lingering behind the backs of their chairs, until the gentlemen came in in single file, also in the order of priority, and partners were selected. Champagne did not come into fashion until the Peace of 1815. Claret was free from duty until about 1780, and was the ordinary beverage. I have heard Henry Mackenzie and other old people say that, when a cargo of claret came to Leith, the common way of proclaiming its arrival was by sending a hogshead of it through the town on a cart, with a horn, and that anybody who wanted a sample, or a drink under pretence of a sample, had only to go to the cart with a jug, which, without much nicety about its size, was filled for a sixpence. The tax ended this mode of advertising, and, aided by the horror of everything French, drove claret from all tables below the richest. It was the day for healths and toasts. Every glass of wine taken at dinner was dedicated to the health of some one, and to drink without this

was thought to be sottish and rude; as if, forsooth, there was nobody present worth drinking with. Wine was very rarely on the table, and when you wanted to drink with some one you called aloud for the wine and named your partner. You could slay your friends "by coveys," proclaiming to the sideboard, "A glass of sherry for Mr. Dundas, Mrs. Murray, and Miss Hope, and a glass of port for Mr. Hume, and one for me." "Your good health!" followed as you made obeisance to one after the other with a polite bow, a smile, and your hand on your heart. This during dinner while the ladies were still present. Then when they left, the "rounds" of toasts began. A lady was named by one, a partner for her mentioned by another, and their healths were drunk. Then there were "sentiments" such as, "May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning"; "May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age"; "Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds"; "May the honest heart never feel distress"; "May the hand of charity wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow"; "May never worse be among us." It took some courage and invention to do this, and there is a story told of the poor dominie of Andely, after much blushing, writhing, and groaning, coming out with "The reflection of the moon in the cawm bosom of the lake." The health of the King was never neglected at the family dinner table, even when no company were present.

One of Scott's friends was Dr. William Robertson, described in "Guy Mannering" by Mr. Pleydell with some pride as "our historian of Scotland, of the Continent, and of America." He succeeded his father as minister of Old Greyfriars' Church, to which Pleydell conducts Colonel Mannering to hear him preach. He was greater as a church leader and a man of letters

than as a preacher. He was "essentially a literary artist." Conscientious and prolonged research gave a value to his historical works which largely atoned for the monotony of his somewhat too ornate and dignified style. He has the glory, and that, too, when Samuel Johnson was at his zenith, of having established a record in literary remuneration. For his history of Charles V. he received £4,500, the largest sum which had till then been paid for a single work.

When Colonel Mannering and Mr. Pleydell went to Greyfriars' Church to hear Dr. Robertson, they found, somewhat to their disappointment, that the great historian was not to be the preacher that morning. "Never mind," said the counsellor, "have a moment's patience, and we shall do very well," and Robertson's colleague, Dr. John Erskine, appeared. "This preacher seems a very ungainly person," said Mannering. "Never fear, he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer; he'll show blood, I'll warrant him." The learned counsellor predicted truly; and Mannering is fain to admit that he had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity.

Speaking of Robertson and Erskine's notorious difference in regard to Church government, Mannering asks the advocate what he thinks of these points of difference. "Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them at all." And there spoke Scott himself.

Professor Adam Ferguson was another friend. He was a strict abstainer both from wine and animal food. He seldom dined out on this account, except with his relative Dr. Joseph Black, a kindred spirit; and his son used to say it was delightful to see the two philosophers rioting over a boiled turnip! The death of Dr. Jo-

seph Black, the eminent chemist, was as quiet and peaceable as his life. "He died seated with a bowl of milk on his knee, of which his ceasing to live did not spill a drop; a departure which, it seemed, after the event happened, might have been foretold of this attenuated philosophical gentleman."

Dr. Robert Henry, the historian, died in a similarly quiet manner. Four days before his death he wrote to Sir Harry Moncrieff, "Come out here, directly; I have got something to do this week. I have got to die." While Sir Harry and he were sitting together, and he, in his easy chair, was dozing and talking by turns, a neighboring minister, who was a notorious and much-dreaded bore, came to call. "Keep him out!" cried the Doctor; "don't let the creature in here." It was too late, the creature entered; but when he came in the Doctor was to all appearance fast asleep. Moncrieff, at once taking in the situation, signed to the visitor to be silent. The visitor sat down, apparently to wait till Dr. Henry might awake. Every time he offered to speak, he was checked by solemn gestures from Moncrieff or Mrs. Henry. So he sat on, all in solemn silence, for about a quarter of an hour, during which Sir Henry occasionally detected the dying man peeping cautiously through the fringes of his eyelids to see how his visitor was coming on. At last, Sir Henry tired, and he and Mrs. Henry, pointing to the poor doctor, fairly waved the visitor out of the room; on which the doctor opened his eyes wide and had a tolerably hearty laugh, which was renewed when the sound of the horse's feet made them certain that their friend was actually off the premises. Dr. Henry died that night. In his "History of Great Britain" Dr. Henry was the forerunner of Macaulay and Green

Socially Scotland was just emerging from roughness and ignorance. Scott tells of "a dame of no small quality, the worshipful Lady Pumphraston, who buttered a pound of green tea, sent her as an exquisite delicacy, dressed it as a condiment to a rump of salt beef, and complained that no degree of boiling would render those foreign green tender." "There was, however, no real vulgarity about the people, and in the Scots tongue of that day the vowels were not pronounced much broader than in the Italian language, and there was none of the disagreeable drawl which is so offensive to modern ears. The ladies were like Scott's Mrs. Bethune; it seemed to be the Scotch spoken by the ancient Court of Scotland, to which no idea of vulgarity could be attached."

Even Miss Sophia ("Sophy") Johnson, notwithstanding her man's hat and indoor garment like a great-coat, buttoned closely from the chin to the ground, worsted stockings, strong shoes, with large brass clasps, was a lady, whose company was much prized by the fashionable and aristocratic, as it well might be, for she had rare intellectual powers, and her talk was racy, spiced with anecdote, and shrewd, often sarcastic, observation. She and some other of the ladies of that day were as stout in heart as they were strong in arm. When Miss "Sophy's" strength was giving way, the famous Dr. Gregory cautioned her to leave off animal food and be content with "spoon meat," unless she wished to die. "Dee, doctor; odd! I'm thinking they've forgotten an auld wife like me up yonder." And when the doctor called next day he found her spoon meat consisted of a haggis!

Then there was Miss Meenie Trotter, of the Mortonhall family, who, till within a few years of her death, could do her ten miles of a walk. I seem to have known the story of her dream

all my life. When, shortly before her death, she was asked how she was, she answered: "Very weel—quite weel. But eh! I had a dismal dream last night: a fearful dream!" "Ay! I'm sorry for that. What was it?" "An' what d'ye think? Of a' the places in the world, I dreamed I were in Heaven! And what d'ye think I saw there? Dell ha'et, but thoosands upon thoosands, and ten thoosands upon ten thoosands, o' stark naked weans! That wad be a dreadfu' thing, for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days."

Scott and his friend Clark were admitted to the Faculty of Advocates on the 11th of July, 1792. When the ceremony of "putting on the gown" was completed, Scott said to Clark, putting on the air and tone of some Highland lassie waiting at the Cross to be "fee'd for the harvest." "We've stood here an hour by the Tron, hinny, an' dell a one has speird our price." The friends were about to leave the outer court, when a friend, a solicitor, came up and gave Scott his first guinea fee. As he and Clark went down the High Street, they passed a hosier's shop, and Scott remarked, "This is a sort of wedding day, Willie. I think I must go in and buy me a new night-cap." Thus he "warded" his guinea. But it is pleasing to know that his first big fee was spent on a silver letter stand for his mother, which (Lockhart tells) the old lady used to point to with great satisfaction as it stood on her chimney-piece five-and-twenty years afterwards. Almost the only story Cockburn ever heard of Lord Braxfield that had some fun in it without immodesty was when a butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lord!" he exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her." It was he who said to Margaret, one of the Friends of the Peo-

ple, who made a speech in his own defence, "Ye're a very clever chiel, man, but ye wad be nane that waur o' a-hanging." If some political prosecution seemed in danger of being marred by anticipated difficulties, he would say, "Let them bring me prisoners, and I'll find them law." Before Hume's "Commentaries" had made criminal law
The Academy.

intelligible, the forms and precedent were a mystery understood by the initiated alone, and by nobody so much as by Mr. Joseph Norris, the ancient clerk. Braxfield used to squash anticipated doubts by saying, "Hoot! just gie me Josie Norrie and a gude jury, an' I'll doo for the fallow!"

THE MALADY OF ARMAMENTS.

We shall take leave to assume that when the Prime Minister, quoting Sir Edward Grey, tells the House of Commons that the four "Dreadnoughts" which are to be laid down next April are "without prejudice" to next year's programme, he means precisely what he says, no more and no less. The naval programme of 1910-11 will, as he says, be considered "by reference to the circumstances of that time." There will be, in other words, a state of almost perfect freedom. We shall be considering not this year's programme, but next year's. The Government ought to be free to say that the four may not be wanted so soon. Failing this, they are certainly at liberty to urge either that they will be wanted, but that no more will be wanted, or that more will be wanted. The House will be free to consider, and to reject or approve, either of these propositions. This simple statement vitiates the attempts of the Opposition to treat the new four ships as a supplement to an average programme of four "Dreadnoughts" next year, or even to an unthinkable enlargement to the tune of eight. We claim for the Liberal Party entire dissociation from each of these calculations. It is a tribute to the never-ending audacity of elected persons that Mr. Balfour, in face of his attitude to the Budget, should have advanced them at all. But when he calls for de-

ficit on deficit, and rails at the "posterously meagre" programme of eight "Dreadnoughts" finished in three years, and laid down in one, the Liberal Party will, we hope, make it clear that they have no part or lot in any such proposition. When the Naval estimates for 1910-11 are presented, they will be considered with reference to the state of Europe, the needs of national defence, the advance of the programmes of other Powers, and, above all, the aims and policy of this country. Private Liberals go into this controversy unpledged to a single new "Dreadnought." They may be disposed to look leniently on the novel form of insurance against panic under which the Government propose to place twenty such vessels on the home seas by the spring of 1912. But they have not taken one step further in the "grammar of assent" which their opponents kindly propose for them.

Meanwhile we must assert with some emphasis the disappearance of the case on which the scare of last March arose. In its place, we are offered an entirely new argument in defence of the programme to which the scare gave birth. Four months ago the Admiralty presented us with a thoroughly alarmist statement as to an all-round acceleration of German ship-building, and a development of naval power which had practically annulled our own superior capacity. It was further sug-

gested that this advance had been secretly initiated in defiance of Germany's public engagements. Mr. McKenna then (March 16th) pleaded a general speeding up of all the four "Dreadnoughts" belonging to the German programme of 1909-10, an acceleration so great that they would all be completed by April, 1912. On the same date the Prime Minister stated that "in one or two cases, possibly in more, ships were actually laid down," and that these proceedings showed that our "substantial advantage" in construction had been destroyed by the "enormous" German development. Of these statements barely a fragment remains. Mr. Asquith has now admitted that he believed "our capacity (in ship-building) to be substantially greater than that of Germany." Mr. McKenna did, indeed, hint that one ship of Germany's 1909-10 programme had been laid down at the beginning of this year, but he completely destroyed the importance of this statement by the details of this so-called acceleration, with which he furnished Mr. Middlemore on June 29. He then said that the contract for one ship of the 1909-10 programme had been "given out" on the first of April last (*i.e.* some days after he first spoke)—not a word about laying down—and that the others had not yet been ordered. Where, then, are the "one or two ships" or "possibly more," which in March last the Prime Minister thought had not merely been ordered, but laid down? And if none of these German vessels are thus advanced, where lies the material for the hypothesis that the whole four can be finished by March, 1912, or for denying the official, reiterated statements of Admiral von Tirpitz and Prince Bülow that none of them can be completed before the end of 1912, and that no design of acceleration exists?

We come, therefore, to a situation in which we have committed ourselves to the production of twenty or (with the "Lord Nelsons") twenty-two "Dreadnoughts" by the spring of 1912, against an almost certain German eleven, or a barely possible thirteen. Considering our enormous preponderance in new "pre-Dreadnought" vessels, and in armored cruisers, we cannot describe this as other than an extravagant provision, which relegates the talk of eight "Dreadnoughts" next year to the region of phantasy. If a British strength of three to one against Germany is not enough, nothing will ever content us. But the German Navy practically fell out of account in Monday's argument, vitiated as it was by the old extreme reliance on a single fashion in huge battleships, which may pass out of date as quickly as their predecessor, the useless and almost forgotten Italian "Dandolo." Instead we were bidden to look to what Italy and Austria were doing, and other nations "with which we had no quarrel," or even the closest ties of affection. We do not know by what perversion of every rule of common sense we are bidden to regard *both* the Austrian *and* the Italian shipbuilding programmes as concerning ourselves, when every politician in Europe knows that they neutralize each other—four "Dreadnoughts" against four "Dreadnoughts"—and that Italy in particular would no more use one of her warships against England than against her own ruined children of Messina. It cannot be that either of these Powers is preparing to rival our Navy, or to use the two forces in a combination which would shatter the Triple Alliance. All we see is that on this principle any random sum in simple addition can be used to confuse friends and foes, to disguise our real position in the European world, and to defeat every calculation of the physical, moral, and intellectual forces that used

to group themselves under the word statesmanship. No matter how smiling the world's prospect, how completely relieved of all peril to these shores, of all hinted or possible combinations and designs of aggression, we find that our statesmen, while they write the sacred word peace on their phylacteries, still keep us and our neighbors expectant of a momentary outbreak of European war.

While we proceed on these lines we are bound to give both Europe and our own countrymen a false impression of the state of the naval world. Mr. McKenna, for example, told the House of Commons that within the last three years Germany had laid down eleven ships of the Dreadnought type, and we only eight. But this ignores the point that our "Dreadnought" building began in 1904, which gave us three years' start of Germany, and has enabled us to put seven "Dreadnoughts" on the seas before she is able to float one. To-day our building and repairing votes, as they stand in this year's estimates, represent together nearly twenty-two millions, a sum larger than the whole German naval estimates, while by March, 1912, we shall, in eight years, have spent about forty millions on completed battleships of one type alone. If, therefore, the German Press declares the refusal of their statesmen—and a refusal it is—to curtail their armaments on such a basis, our own politicians cannot be surprised if their tender of a naval agreement is set aside. The world does not heed our declared fears of invasion; is, in fact, utterly sceptical of their sincerity. It thinks, not that we are endangered, but that we endanger others. It holds us largely to blame for the fact that the European Chancellors, our own included, plough along through a thickening forest of

The Nation.

obstacles, not the least of which is the revolt of the wealthy and directing classes against the burdens which their own fears create. We said some time ago, when writing on this subject during the life-time of the late Prime Minister, that our continual raising of the general world-standard of naval strength, the example of our unrivalled wealth and power used to maintain an Armada of unparalleled costliness, must end in laying a grievous burden on the poorer nationalities in Europe. The important Spanish correspondent, whose letter we have printed states in terms that this result has already been reached in Spain. Popular Spanish opinion attributes the building of a new Spanish fleet to the direct and indirect pressure produced by the Anglo-Spanish *entente*. We hope, at least, that no word or action of Liberal statesmanship has called upon Spain for any such sacrifices. But we cannot plead not guilty to the scarcely less grave charge of moral responsibility. England used to send out a certain range of influences over the world; they were widely prevalent, they gave her a fixed character and force, which now and then changed the destinies of States. We are afraid she now acts in a different sphere. Europe is plagued, and is beginning to be convulsed, with the malady of armaments. Not a Government is safe from this infectious disease; not a policy but is twisted and maimed by it. And not one sign of relief does any European statesman hold out, least of all our Liberal leaders; though, as far as this island is concerned, it is impossible to state in coherent terms a cause of war with any Power in the world, least of all with Germany, or a combination either of wills or of material forces designed to shake our Empire.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The Bill to constitute a union of our colonies in South Africa, which was read a second time by the House of Lords on Tuesday, is an event of high imperial significance. At this time ten years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain was beginning to put pressure upon the Boer Government, and when, under the management of Lord Milner and President Kruger, the temperature alike in Cape Colony and the Transvaal was rapidly rising to danger point, there were still but few people in England who thought that a match struck in Downing Street would kindle the flames of a devastating war. Again, at this time five years ago, when the war was over, and South Africa lay financially and politically prostrate, when our own people were reflecting bitterly upon the fruits of their enormous sacrifices, when the mineowners said that nothing could save them from ruin except Chinese labor, when the two Boer States in sullen subjection were being administered as conquered territories, there were probably few people either in England or in South Africa who could believe in the possibility of a great political reconciliation, under which Boers and British would be willing to forget all the losses they had inflicted upon one another, and work together for the common good of South Africa. There is no doubt that the present Bill—the work of Englishmen like Mr. Merriman, and Dutchmen like General Botha, backed by practically the unanimous sentiment of all white people in Cape Colony, the Transvaal, the Orange River and Natal—is the direct result of that extraordinary act of political magnanimity and wisdom which in the year 1906 gave back to the Boers a full measure of self-government under the British flag. Now that Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman has passed from the world

of party strife, it is possible for Englishmen of all parties to recognize the splendid courage and trustful prudence that led him, immediately after the formation of his Government, to undertake that great-hearted indispensable measure. To do Parliament justice, it must be said that he had behind him not only the whole of his own party, but a very considerable section of Conservative opinion. It was natural that Lord Milner should be bitterly hostile to an act which seemed to stamp out his favorite idea of racial supremacy, and it was natural that many of Lord Milner's friends should indulge with him in the most gloomy prophecies. But to the credit of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne let it be said that, while declining responsibility for results, they were most careful to avoid any impolitic language or action which could make the grand experiment more difficult; nor, in claiming the new constitution as the reward of British statesmanship, let us forget what wonderful self-possession, common sense, and good feeling have been displayed by all races, parties, classes, and factions in what has been for more than a century a divided and embarrassed territory. We may echo the graceful praise bestowed by Lord Crewe upon the skill and experience of "our friend Sir Henry de Villiers," who presided over the delegation, and on those other leaders whom he disposed of with the happy quotation:

"Ductoresque alii quos Africa terra triumphis
Dives alit."

These South African statesmen, under the wise, conciliatory, and impartial auspices of Lord Selborne, have successfully guided the strong political, economic, and social forces that prompted the South African colonies to union.

We have intentionally laid more stress upon the great fact of union than upon the details of the constitution, and we are entitled in so doing to rest upon the authority of Lord Courtney, who pointed out that the Bill comes from South Africa, and is founded on an intimate knowledge of local circumstances. "Every principle, therefore, which led me to resist the former scheme of South African union leads me to accept what is now proposed." At the same time we must agree with him, and with other speakers, that the Bill does not afford a satisfactory or permanent solution of the native question. We regret that the liberal spirit of the Cape Constitution has not been infused into the union. The natives in South Africa are showing considerable aptitude for education, and are beginning to engage not only in trade, but in the professions. They far outnumber the whites, and they

The Economist.

cannot be safely excluded from all share in the government. We sincerely hope that in some way or other steps will be taken to give some sort of representation to educated natives, and also that the guarantees which have hitherto existed for the good government of the Basutos will not be whittled away. A great deal no doubt depends upon the interpretation that is given to the words "European descent," which are a qualification for sitting in the Parliament of the South African union. In Cuban society everyone who is not absolutely black is treated as white, whereas in the United States everyone who is not absolutely white is treated as black. We imagine that in South Africa a tolerable compromise will be found, and that the native races, as well as those of European descent, will ultimately have reason to rejoice in the new Constitution.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Lovers of poetry in general, and students of Oriental religions and literature in particular owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng, whose volume called "*A Lute of Jade*," published in the *Wisdom of the East Series* by E. P. Dutton & Co., introduces them to charming bits of verse by Chinese poets, some of them dating back to 1700 years before Christ, and none later than the tenth century of the Christian era. The human heart universal breathes through these exquisite lines,—its aspirations, its love of the beautiful, its sense of the fleeting and tragic. Let this bit, "*The Grass*," from Po Chu-i, who wrote about A.D. 772, serve as a specimen:

How beautiful and fresh the grass returns!

When golden days decline, the meadow burns;

Yet autumn suns no hidden root have slain,

The spring winds blow, and there is grass again.

Green rioting on olden ways it falls:

The blue sky storms the ruined city walls;

Yet since Wang Sun departed long ago,
When the grass blooms both joy and fear I know.

A genuine Indian fairy tale, or an Indian fairy tale written in conformity to Indian beliefs is instructive, but fortunately children are unaware of it, and girls and boys will read Mr. Theodore Roberts's "*Flying Plover*," and never dream that they are learning how an Indian thinks, and wherein his

mind differs from theirs, and how much younger is his race than theirs. Flying Plover is the orphan son of a chief, and Mr. Roberts repeats six of the stories related to him by his grandmother, Squat-by-the-Fire, a wise old woman reputed a magician. Some are authentic Glooskap tales, the others perfectly harmonize with them, and the one telling how fire came to the Indians, and its effect upon their life is extraordinary in its ingenuity. The volume is illustrated and decorated by Mr. Charles Livingston Bull and has a cover that no small pale face could behold without covetousness. L. C. Page & Co.

The old Norse Eddas and Sagas are an unfailing treasury of poetry and adventure; told and retold by different writers and for different purposes, they never lose their charm. The latest writer to draw upon them is E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, who has grouped in an attractive volume, intended for young readers, but not ostentatiously written down to their supposed capacity, twenty-five "Stories of Norse Heroes" as told by the Northmen. Beginning with the legend of "How All Things Began" and closing with that of "How the End of All Things Came About" they include many stirring tales of the adventures of gods and heroes. There are sixteen illustrations. T. Y. Crowell & Company, who publish Mr. Wilmot-Buxton's book, publish also, in uniform binding, a story for young readers called "In Nature's School" by Lillian Gask. In this story, a school boy, who has been made unhappy by the bullying propensities of his mates, finds unexpected relief in a kind of dream which comes to him in the woods, in the appearance of a kindly figure of Nature, who leads him among the marvels of bird and beast life, and permits him to learn from their own lips the story of their life, habits and

adventures. The story is intended to combine instruction with entertainment, and it is illustrated by Dorothy Hardy.

Those who in childhood enjoyed Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright's books about birds and beasts, and in youth laughed and smiled over "Barbara's" "Garden of a Commuter's Wife" and its successors, will be surprised to learn from the title page of "Poppea of the Post Office," the latest "Barbara" book that the two authors are one. The story is in every way different from anything written under either name, being the tale of a pretty foundling, a "lady baby," adopted by a New England village postmaster and so tenderly reared that she does not guess that she has no right to call him "Daddy" until she has grown to gracious young womanhood. About her are grouped marked but not exaggerated figures, some rustic, some the educated gentlefolk of an American village, but all kind to her, all alike desirous of preventing her from missing the kindred of whom she knows nothing. She has many sorrows, for "Barbara" has no scruples as to fatal accidents, and the number of doctors who momentarily appear in attendance on one character or another is astounding, but, happiness and wealth come in the end, and the faithful Daddy still survives when the story closes. This is one of the Lincoln books, and the two glimpses of the President are sufficiently characteristic to be true. The Macmillan Company.

Spain is still a land of mystery to the American novel reader and the Cathedral of Toledo as it is shown by Senor Vincent Blasco Ibanez in "The Shadow of the Cathedral," is wonderfully strange to him. That the huge pile should swarm in hardly suspected upper stories with watchmen, altar

guardians and other petty officials and their families, seems almost incredible, but once the idea is accepted, the unique life unbound by ordinary custom, almost primitive in its freedom from secular conventionalities but enslaved by ecclesiastical usage, becomes oddly interesting. The hero, the youngest son of a family for centuries in the service of the cathedral, and having its home in this colony, is intended for the priesthood, but leaves the seminary during the September Revolution through which he passes as an officer in the rebel army. When that turbulent body is dispersed he is captured and undergoes imprisonment seasoned with Spanish cruelty; when released he enters upon the career of a Revolutionary orator and is highly scandalized to find himself hunted to and fro by the soldiers and by the officers of the law; he resents this, being satisfied that his motives are noble, betakes himself to Paris, comes under the influence of Renan and soon loses his religion. For years he preaches the doctrine of revolution, fleeing from one place to another, associating with the outlaws of all nations, an entirely self-satisfied company each assured of his own virtue, frugal, industrious, self-denying, and without ceasing proclaiming the beauty of disorder. From all this he at last returns to the cathedral, the home of his ancestors, desiring quiet and protection and obtaining it from his good, pious, stay-at-home brother. The author's picture of the Spanish priesthood as immoral from the cardinal-archbishop of Toledo to the humblest secular can be properly judged only by his own countrymen. It is appalling, but no worse than the view of the Spanish American priesthood freely presented to the Catholic summer school by American and Irish priests. Whether it be true or false, the artistic contrast between the superb mass of wonderful

architecture reared by piety, and the sordid cloud of sin enveloping it is impressive. To the poorer servants of the edifice, the descendants of generations reared on cathedral traditions, the revolutionist preaches his theories of government, of religion, of political economy; preaches so eloquently that when the great statue of the Virgin is decorated with all her jewels for a high holiday, they agree to steal the gems and gold that they may attain their human rights by dividing the spoil among themselves. Too late, the revolutionist perceives whither his teachings lead, and endeavors to dissuade his disciples from robbery, but they strike him down, in self defence, and depart with the booty, leaving him to the suspicion of the authorities, but death takes him before he fully understands who are his slayers. The author following the French tradition, stands quite aloof from his story, pleading for none, reprehending none. The hero at first seeming to be the product of Catholicity is at last seen as the product partly of national insincerity caused by the desire to achieve the appearance of self-control, and partly by the deliberate desertion of the highest righteousness. The clergy are evil not because they are Catholics but because they have allowed themselves to neglect their faith and to strive towards the pagan national ideal. The author is silent: if a revolutionist reader should choose to call the hero a saint, it is naught to him; his work is done. He has shown the present condition of a structure reared for holy purposes, hallowed by myriad prayers, sanctified by the love of innumerable Christians. At the same time he has shown an emblem of Spain. The fault in his work is that he has quite neglected the educated pious, a force existent everywhere in Christendom, the ten men who shall save the city. E. P. Dutton & Co.